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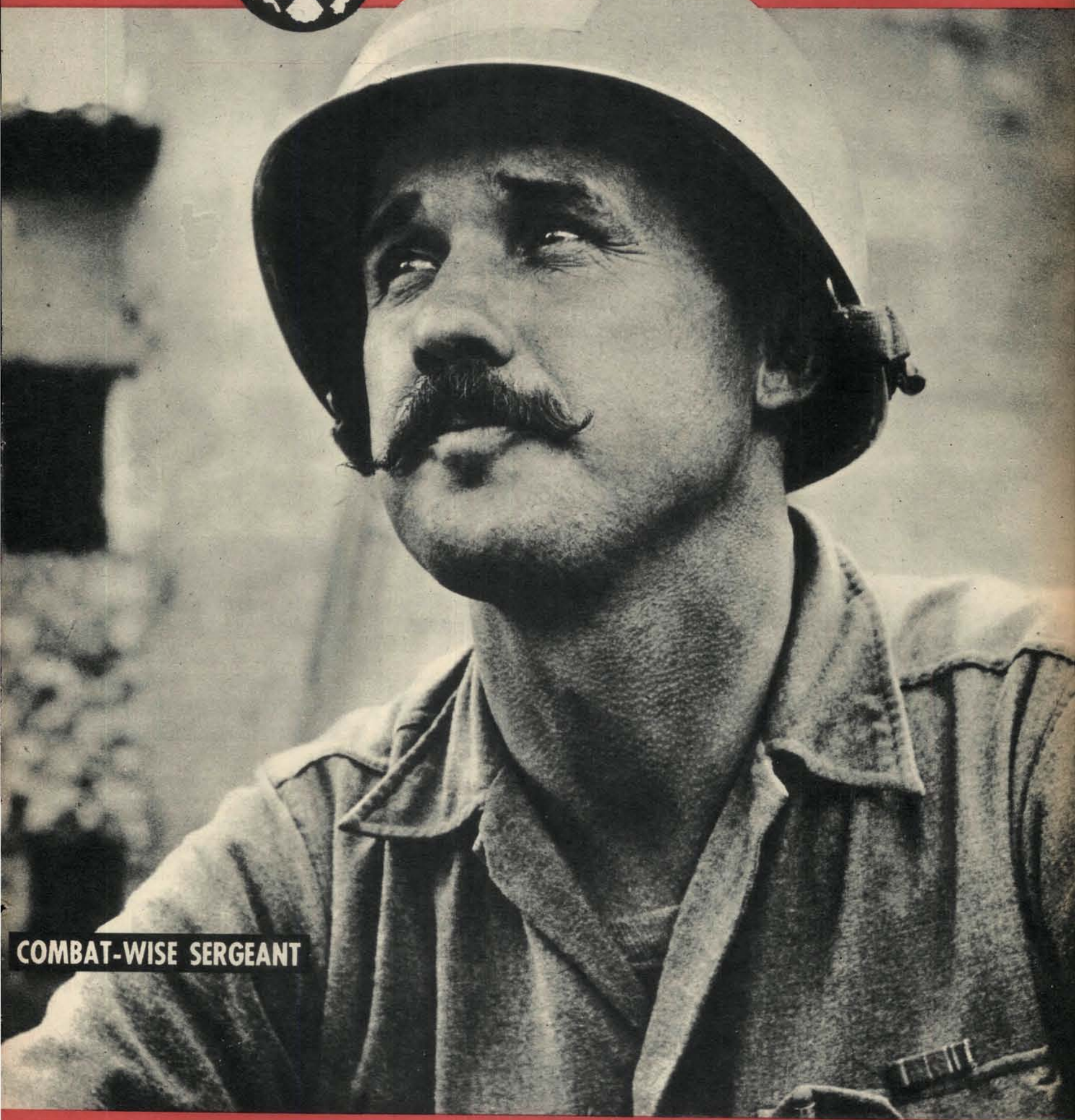
By the men . . . for the men in the service



COMBAT-WISE SERGEANT

Noncoms Tell Replacements How To Stay Alive

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Recruits often make the mistake of freezing on ground under fire. Lying in the glare, they are fine targets.

Six veteran platoon sergeants who have experienced some of the toughest fighting in Italy tell about mistakes that most of our replacements make when they go into combat for the first time

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The infantrymen of a rifle platoon crouch miserably behind an embankment, getting scant protection from the morning rain that beats down endlessly upon the bleak Italian countryside. The platoon sergeant, a stocky, weather-beaten young Texan with a handle-bar mustache and deep-set eyes, strides up purposefully.

"Well, we're attacking," he announces, in a tone that is not without challenge.

The new men, replacements, fumble as they fasten hand grenades to their ammunition belts, their eyes grown big and their helmets dripping.

The old men curse the rain.

The platoon moves out.

Nine hours later—one knoll, two pillboxes, five machine-gun nests and 30 dead Germans closer to Rome—the platoon sergeant crawls and slithers from cover to cover, checking his outposts and reorganizing his gun positions for the night.

Counting noses, he notes something that never fails to interest him, although it has long since ceased to surprise him: the old soldiers, with one wounded exception, are all present; the new re-

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The six battle-toughened platoon sergeants of the 36th (Texas) Division, who talk about war in this story, stride down a street somewhere in Italy. From the left: S/Sgt. Manuel S. Gonzales, T/Sgt. Ed M. Taylor, T/Sgt. Harry R. Moore, T/Sgt. William C. Weber, T/Sgt. James H. Arnold and T/Sgt. David H. Haliburton.

Why Old Soldiers Never Die

placements, on the other hand, have suffered nearly 50 percent casualties or missing.

"Old soldiers never die," the experienced infantrymen say. "The same old men always come back. Luck stays with them."

But is it luck? Or instinct? Or experience?

To get the answer, YANK went to the men of the 36th (Texas) Division, the tough Infantry outfit that has borne much of the bitter brunt of the Italian fight ever since it first waded in under withering fire at Salerno. As everyone from the company commander to the sorriest yardbird will admit, the platoon sergeant is usually the key man in any line action. So YANK had a get-together in a field tent one afternoon with six battle-tested platoon sergeants, two from each of the division's regiments.

Six more combat-wise soldiers could hardly have been chosen. Nearly every one had the Purple Heart; one had been wounded four times. Several had Silver Stars; one had the Distinguished Service Cross. None of the sergeants knew any of the others, but each had an instant respect for the others' experience and abilities. These were "whole" men, physically and mentally—men who had survived the most trying ordeals that war could offer and who had emerged with unshaken confidence in the ability of the intelligent foot soldier to take care of himself.

Priding themselves on being soldiers, in the finest sense of the word, they were natural, surprisingly articulate, unassuming leaders with the rough edges somehow worn off by what they had undergone. ("The loud, tough guys in the States turn out to be the weak sisters over here," one said.) Their impromptu discussion offers the American soldier some front-line pointers that may save his life.

"THE first mistake recruits make under fire," began T/Sgt. Harry R. Moore, rifle platoon sergeant from Fort Worth, Tex., "is that they freeze and bunch up. They drop to the ground and just lie there; won't even fire back. I had one man just lie there while a German came right up and shot him. He still wouldn't fire back."

"That's right," said T/Sgt. William C. Weber of St. Marys, Pa., another rifle platoon sergeant. "When a machine gun opens up, the new men squat right where they are. The same way when flares drop and bombs 'baroom' down at night. The old man dives for cover. He doesn't stay out where he's exposed."

"They're scared of tracers, too," put in T/Sgt. David H. Haliburton of Ballinger, Tex., rifle platoon leader. "Me, I like to see tracers."

"Jerry fires lots of tracers," said Bill Weber. "He has a trick with tracers. Jerry has one gun shootin' tracers up high. Then he has other guns shootin' grazing fire."

"At the Rapido some replacements couldn't tell the difference between our fire and Jerry's," commented Moore. "And they were scared of Jerry's machine pistol. It's not accurate at all. If it doesn't get you in the first minute, don't worry about it. Its first four to six shots are the only ones that count."

"The Germans don't try for accuracy in small-arms fire," said Ed M. Taylor of El Paso, Tex., sergeant of an 81-mm mortar platoon. "They spray and try for a high concentration of fire."

"I got four machine-pistol shots placed an inch apart in my sleeve there," said Moore, holding out his right arm. "But that was an accident. I still don't think the machine pistol is accurate."

"The machine pistol goes 'bzt'—like ripping a piece of cloth fast," said Weber. "When you hear a sharp crack over your head like popcorn, or just like a bullet going through a target on the rifle range, that's the time to duck. Don't worry about the sniper who hits around your legs. The guy to

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fear is the one who puts a shot close to your ear —ping! He has telescopic sights."

"That's another thing," said Moore. "This Army doesn't use enough snipers. We need more Springfield-'03 men with telescopic sights. We could easily have killed six Germans on the Rotondo if we'd had a sniper. They walked right through our front lines."

"What do you think of the M1?" asked Taylor.

"It's wonderful," replied Moore. "It will take all kinds of dirty treatment and still fire when you need it. But I don't like the carbine. You can't trust it; three little grains of sand will stop one up."

"The Germans counterattacked early one morning, and my men came to me and said their M1 rifles were frozen tighter than a by-god," said Sgt. Haliburton. "They asked me what to do. 'Hell,' I said, 'urinate on the sonuvabitches.' It didn't smell so good after firing a couple of hours, but it saved our lives."

"If you could have only one weapon, what would you take?" asked Taylor.

"The BAR," three men answered simultaneously.

"But that bipod is useless," said Moore. "We've never yet had a chance to set it up. And it's heavy and catches on things on patrols. While I'm mentioning it, I wish they'd get rid of that stacking swivel on the rifle. It's always catching on something."

In action, Sgt. Weber carries raincoat, rifle, rifle belt, pick, one K ration, canteen, ammunition, grenades.

"That goes for the T on the shovel, too," said Taylor. "I've sawed mine off short. Of course, you don't need a shovel. The pick is the most valuable tool we've got."

Everyone agreed to that.

"There's a trick to this digging," said Haliburton. "None of the new men dig deep enough or quick enough. Incidentally, we don't have foxholes any more—we have fighting holes. They're six feet deep, and the step goes down to four feet."

"I've seen a lot of men die because they didn't dig their holes deep enough," said Taylor. "Most of them were crushed in tank attacks. Ninety-five percent of the men in my company are alive today because they dug down the full six feet."

FOR the first time S/Sgt. Manuel S. (Ugly) Gonzales of Fort Davis, Tex., spoke up. At Salerno Gonzales, the most popular and quietest man in his outfit, single-handedly knocked out four German machine guns, one mortar and one German 88-mm gun, going through machine-gun fire that came so close it set fire to his pack. He's been recommended for the Congressional Medal.

"Two of our men were killed in their foxholes," Ugly Gonzales said. "You know we usually have two men to a hole on an outpost, one on guard and one asleep. Well, for some reason I can't figure out, Americans like to sleep with a blanket or a pack *over* their heads. Why one was sleeping instead of being on guard I don't know, but when we checked up in the morning, we found their bodies bayoneted right through the blankets. They never knew what got them."

"Some of the boys just don't have common sense," said Weber. "They seem to expect the Army to think for them. When you're under fire, you've got to think six ways from Sunday."

"Why, the Germans were climbing out of their foxholes and retreating," said Haliburton, "and some of my new men didn't know what to do about it. They just lay there. They could have moved two feet, for a better range of fire, and knocked the whole outfit out."

"Sometimes they don't even know the man beside them or where he is," Taylor added angrily. "After we'd had one bunch of boys 12 days, they didn't even know their own squad leader. Now every man has his name taped on his helmet."

"It's important for men to train together and to know each other," said Haliburton. "If I want to take out a patrol and don't know who to take, I'd rather go alone. You've got to know your men. I don't eat first—I eat with them. There are two kinds of boys, I've found out—the ones you can pat on the back and those you have to keep after."

"I never like to take more than three men with me on reconnaissance patrol," said Gonzales. "One man can give you away if he doesn't know how to pick up his feet and walk on grass and rocks. First thing you know Jerry comes out of a ditch with that machine pistol ready to turn and shoot. He has that long baseball cap on. Man, that's when you'd better have your tommy gun on full automatic."

"That's another thing," Moore added. "Many of the new men we get have never had any night work. They're blind; a couple get lost every night. Why, I've seen boys fall off in a ditch in the dark and break their legs. They're used to flashlights. You couldn't give me a flashlight."

"THEY'RE too loose on the men in the States," T/Sgt. James H. Arnold of Killeen, Tex., said. "Ten-minute breaks, go to town every night —they'll never get in shape that way. And they never ought to have a dry run. They ought to fire every weapon, and there ought to be tin-can rifle ranges around every Army post where the men could practice in their spare time."

"They ought to learn to shoot from the hip in a hurry," Taylor agreed. "And we get men who are supposed to be qualified with mortars who have never fired more than two rounds. You can't sense how to fire a mortar just by mounting it. At Salerno we had two boys who had fired their mortar often and had lived with it. They could put a mortar shell anywhere they wanted to, but they were the only ones who could."

"What kind of gun emplacements do you use for heavy weapons and machine guns?" asked Haliburton.

"We use a four-foot-deep emplacement for a mortar," Arnold replied. "We've never been where we could dig one, though. We pile up rocks."

"You can dig an emplacement by blasting during a barrage," said Taylor. "We've often done that. But men ought to be trained to set up guns on all kinds of terrain."

"You know what I think?" Haliburton asked. "I think we tend to keep our machine guns up too close. The weapons platoon tries to go right up with the rifle platoons. We've had machine guns knocked out by mortars, and sometimes our machine guns get pinned down when they stay up with us. The heavy weapons should be in support, in back of us shooting over our heads. You've got to guard against the tendency of the American heavy weapons to move right up."

"That's the American's worst fault," said Moore. "He's just like a turkey. He wants to see what's on the other side of the log."

"One thing I wish you heavy-weapons men would do," commented Haliburton, the rifle platoon sergeant. "When you fire, always judge over, never short." Haliburton was deadly serious, and nobody laughed at what might have seemed a dry joke in other circumstances.

"Our 60-mm mortars and even our 81s are usually stuck out singly," said Taylor. "They should be in a battery."

All agreed.

"One thing we haven't mentioned is the rifle grenade launcher," said Moore. "That's one of our best weapons. It will break up an attack every time."

"Hand grenades, too," put in Haliburton. "New men are always afraid of them. At Salerno some men had them taped up so tight they couldn't use them. One thing that's needed is a better place to carry grenades. If you hang them on your ammunition belt, they get in your way when you're crawling along the ground. What we do is to have pockets sewed in our combat suits for them."

"Fragmentation grenades, you mean, of course," said Weber, "or maybe white-phosphorous grenades. Concussion grenades are handy only in street fighting."

"The most valuable thing I learned in training was how to lob a grenade," said Moore. "You have to lob them correctly. You can't get any distance if you throw them like baseballs. It takes experience to knock out a pillbox at 25 yards from a prone position."

"They taught us some useless things, though," said Arnold. "For instance, we never use a rifle sling, except maybe to carry it. And we don't fasten the chin straps under our helmets for fear of concussion. And we can't be bothered with packs. What do you usually carry into action?"

"All I ever take," said Weber, "is a raincoat, a rifle and rifle belt, all the ammunition and hand grenades I can carry, a pick, one K ration and a canteen. About that canteen, incidentally, water discipline has never been stressed enough. When our whole battalion was cut off for three days at Mount Maggiore, the new men almost died of thirst. We caught some water in C-ration cans and helmets. They tried to drop rations to us by plane, but most of them fell in enemy territory. The boys got tired of staying in their holes, but I threatened to shoot the first one who stuck his head out. When we were in the mountains you'd be surprised at how many men would beg me to let them make the long, dangerous haul down and back for rations at night, just for the exercise."

"THERE are three damned important points for replacements to remember," summed up Moore. "First, dig deep fighting holes. Second, learn how to take care of yourself, particularly how to be silent on patrols. Third, know your weapons. We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages. Some guys expect to pick up a new gun from a casualty whenever they need it. They must think it's a gold mine up front. When you need a gun, it's not there. You can count on that."

"Just one more thing," said Gonzales. "Keep out of draws. Jerry always has his mortars zeroed in on them."

It is very important for replacements to know their weapons thoroughly. "We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages," says Sgt. Moore. Such ignorance can put a whole platoon in great danger.

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A JEEP DOESN'T MIND GETTING ITS FEET WET AS IT ROLLS OUT OF AN INVASION BARGE ON HOLLANDIA BEACH.

COMMUNICATIONS WENT UP IN A HURRY ONCE THIS SIGNAL CORPS OUTFIT REACHED THE SHORE.

PUSH-OVER AT HOLLANDIA

By Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

HOLLANDIA, NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—The morning that our force boarded the transports for the attack on Hollandia, principal Jap base in Netherlands New Guinea, was a cloudy one. Our convoy, carrying veterans of the Salamaua and Sanananda fighting as well as untried troops, sailed for its rendezvous with warships from other staging areas. Together we formed the largest armada ever assembled in the Southwest Pacific, including for the first time major units of the Central Pacific Fleet.

The landing plan, we knew, called for a three-pronged attack on the Japs. One tine would hit Aitape, in Australian New Guinea, believed defended by only 1,000 Jap troops. The other two tines would strike at Tanahmerah Bay and Hollandia, across the boundary in Netherlands New Guinea. Hollandia was the prize package, with three Jap airstrips (Hollandia, Cyclops and Sentani) as the main objectives. But Hollandia was also believed to be the best defended area, with plenty of six-inch naval guns and its rugged terrain favoring the estimated 14,000 Japs.

Toward dusk on the afternoon of D-minus-one, the part of the convoy destined for Aitape cut away from the armada. Late that night the two remaining forces, bound for Tanahmerah and Hollandia, split and proceeded separately.

At 0300 we were awakened to prepare for our landing; even at that hour, the dim outline of the beach ahead was visible. At 0515 the men climbed into LCMs (landing craft, mechanized) and headed across the bay to the beach. It was 0600 when the first barrage of naval shells began to pound the Humboldt Bay region.

Destroyers and cruisers lobbed six-inch shells into likely enemy strongpoints, especially the low, flat hill near Hollandia known as the Pancake, whose guns would command the landing beach. Dive bombers from carriers off Humboldt Bay began blasting their pinpoint targets.

When the bombardment was almost over, the landing beaches, the town of Hollandia, the storage dumps and the village of Pim lay under a pall of smoke. Here and there great fires were burning. All this region had been softened up in dive-bombing and strafing attacks by Fifth Air Force planes in the three preceding weeks.

As the first wave of small boats crawled in to land, a final barrage of rockets screamed shoreward in a wave of flame. At almost the same moment, buffaloes (amphibious tanks) from an LSD (landing ship, dock) crossed the narrow peninsula and headed through a bay toward Pim. The men bound for Hollandia itself jumped from their LCMs and took up the trail behind tanks that also came ashore in the first wave.

Everything went as it had been carefully rehearsed on model beaches in Allied areas of New Guinea. Only one thing was not according to plan: there was almost no resistance as the troops moved forward. Amber flares were fired by the assault troops to notify the Naval force: "Landing effected. No opposition."

The Engineers landed early at Humboldt Bay and began pushing a road from the beach to a junction with the main road linking Hollandia and Tanahmerah. The Signal Corps boys landed at the same time and got busy stretching communications behind the forward patrols.

Only a few Americans were killed on the beach and not many more as the troops continued their advance through the mountains. Great stores of supplies — food, wine, ammunition, weapons, trucks and tractors, even airplane engines—were found by the invaders, but there were few Japs.

As the afternoon of the first day wore on, the American troops made swift and easy progress. Heading for the storage dumps in the town of Pim, one unit encountered a Jap machine-gun nest and wiped it out. There was no road to Pim, so the troops hacked their way forward through the jungle swamp. Meanwhile the main force had passed Pancake Hill. A flame thrower burned out one pillbox, but many were abandoned.

When the troops reached the road running from Hollandia to Tanahmerah, the force split up into two parties. One of them headed for the town of Hollandia, passing two machine-gun ambushes near a storage dump, both abandoned, and a strongly fortified pillbox overlooking the track. A bazooka rocket was hurled into the Jap position, and then the troops continued their rapid but cautious advance. By nightfall they had attained the heights overlooking Hollandia. Meanwhile the second party moved toward the airstrip lying halfway to Tanahmerah, progressing five miles before digging in for the night.

Everyone dug in well, certain that the Japs, so disturbingly quiet until now, would launch a terrific night attack. The soldiers lined their foxholes with banana leaves and ferns, and hung ponchos over the holes to keep out the nightly rain. Men chewed K rations or a D-ration chocolate bar. Orders were issued for all men to stop smoking, talk only in whispers and not move around. A few Japs were heard jabbering outside the perimeter, and a few shots were fired. Dusk had turned into night.

The stillness was broken only by the sound of crickets and a couple of parrots. Suddenly machine-gun fire ripped out from one corner of the perimeter. A Jap's painful scream filled the air and then gurgled into silence.

Throughout the night, machine-gun or rifle fire cracked out every 10 or 15 minutes. The trigger-happy soldiers were taking no chances. In the darkness before the dawn everyone was awake, tensely expecting that the Japs, who had waited so long, were about to launch a fierce early-morning attack. But the attack never came, and when we searched the area by daylight, we found the bodies of only five Japs as a bag for the whole night's shooting. One of our men had been shot through the hand, another in the leg.

American artillery set up on the beach was already pounding into what was left of the town of Hollandia. Soon after daylight, advance American infantrymen moved down the side of the mountain and entered the town. They found it deserted except for a flock of tame geese, which promptly attached themselves to a Yank souvenir hunter, honking along behind him inquiringly. Bombing had reduced much of the town to rubble.

A dead Jap, airplane machine-gun bullets through his chest, was sitting in a small staff car on one road of the town. In the tiny mission schoolroom, lessons in Dutch were still scrawled on the blackboard. Every house in town contained a store of booty that GI souvenir hunters quickly acquired. By 1100, the town was secured.

Two days later the force advancing overland toward Sentani and Cyclops, two of the three airdromes, encountered a relatively strong Jap force near the mouth of a small river that entered Lake Sentani. The Americans quickly crossed six miles of the lake in buffaloes, alligators (tracked landing vehicles) and ducks (amphibious trucks). The amphibious fresh-water assault surprised the Japs, 100 of whom died before the airfields fell into our hands.

On the sixth day of the invasion, American infantrymen from Tanahmerah and Humboldt Bays met on the third airdrome, Hollandia, in what was virtually the end of the immediate operation. The three objectives were in our hands.

Somewhere in the hills between Hollandia and Madang, which fell at the same time to Australian forces, were the remnants of the Japs. Only 677 enemy bodies were counted around Hollandia; the rest of the enemy force apparently had taken a powder into the jungled hills. They seemed destined for slow starvation.

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DOODLEBUG TANK. Remote-controlled by cable, this Kraut "secret weapon" carried 250 pounds of explosives when our gunners knocked it out on the Anzio beachhead in Italy. It is 51 inches long, 25 inches high, and it is operated by two battery-powered electric motors.

SILK FOR MEM-SAHIB. Paulette Goddard, movie star who toured the CBI to entertain GIs, buys some fabrics at a native shop in India. She's escorted by lucky T-5 Robert Hansen of Los Angeles, Calif.

A Muddy GI in Italy Visits the Showers

By Cpl. RALPH W. JAKE
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Yesterday a bunch of us went back for a bath. It was the first one that I had had for months. You know how hard it is to keep clean while guns and shells are going off day and night.

When we reached the showers, the place looked like a big circus, with all of the tents. Steam was coming from the tents and hundreds of fellows were standing around—bearded, dirty and freezing. Oh, this land of sunshine—where is it?

Our gang had to wait its turn, standing in the cold an hour or more. We had a twinge of envy as we heard the shouts of joy from the lads on the inside: "Whee, it's cold." "Oh, that water's hot." "Hey, Joe, where's the soap?" "Close that tent flap—it's cold."

Little by little, the line moved up as more and more clean boys came out. There were big smiles on their bearded but clean faces as they showed off their clean clothes. You'd think they'd just received their discharge papers instead of being headed back to the front lines.

I could see the man in charge of the line counting off the others up ahead, directing so many into this shower tent and so many into that one. I was still about tenth in line when I noticed a latrine sign. That reminded me that I'd wanted to go an hour before but didn't. (This cold weather will do these things to the best of us.)

"This is as good a time as ever," I muttered to myself. Then I left the line and waltzed across the road to the latrine. When I came out, I saw the last few men in my gang going into the shower tent and I ran to join them.

"Where do you think you're going?" somebody asked me in a not-too-gentle voice. It was one of these back-of-the-front-line soldiers—the kind who has never heard a gun fired or seen a dead Jerry or even one of our own men dead, but still writes and tells his friends he's right in the thick of the fighting. I looked at him.

"I'm going for my shower," I said.

"You have to get in line like the rest and wait your turn."

"I was in line, and that's the last of my outfit that just went in. If I don't go in now, I'll miss the truck back to the front, and then where will I be?"

"See the chaplain, buddy," he said sweetly.

"Enemy planes," I shouted. "Duck!"

He and the rest of the line ducked. So did I, only I ducked into the shower tent. Sneaking in that way made the shower feel twice as good. The only thing wrong was that they gave us that 99.44 percent pure GI soap to use; if that won't take the dirt off, much less the skin, nothing will.

It wasn't hard to undress. Most of our clothes were so dirty they just fell off, and the socks—well, they walked away by themselves.

It was like a football game. First quarter—time to undress. Second quarter—in and out of the showers with a one-minute warning to catch that dirty spot you missed. Third quarter—shiver until your teeth chatter, and dry off with a GI towel. (Well, a wash cloth; that's how big it is.) Fourth quarter—pass through the clothing line.

The men in charge looked us over, and then dished out socks, underwear, a pair of OD pants and a shirt to each man. Whatever size you had before, that's the size you took now; nobody cares how you look up at the front. At least there were clean fatigues and a field jacket available, if you could talk faster than the man in charge of them. But that was one department that didn't have much business.

Then into the truck and on our way "home."

It wasn't long before we heard one of Jerry's shells coming over the road and we knew we were close to the front again, close to the mud and the rain, where you only dream of a trip to the showers.

Bounty From the Mutineers

NORFOLK ISLAND—On this island, midway between New Caledonia and New Zealand, live the numerous offspring of the famous mutineers of the *Bounty*. The British Government brought them here after Pitcairn, the South Sea island they originally inhabited, became overcrowded.

About 400 of the 700 people of Norfolk are descendants of the *Bounty's* crew. Although somewhat dark-skinned, they have very British manners and customs. Since the war began, they have done their bit to provide a touch of home life for New Zealand servicemen stationed here, and for hundreds of American GIs passing through on the way to and from New Zealand rest leaves.

The *Bounty* folk invite the servicemen to tea, evening card games and week-end parties, and there is a weekly dance (where the ratio is one girl to every five servicemen), a weekly movie and three small churches. The island also boasts a half-dozen grocery and haberdashery shops where you can buy anything "when it's in."

Norfolk is three or four miles long. Its scenery resembles the loveliest of New England's farm sections, with neat hedges, flower gardens and green lawns around red-roofed farmhouses; rolling pastures, tall-timbered Norfolk pines and red dirt roads where saddle horses trot. The island has the first hint of the coolness and orderliness of the temperate zone, but retains the fertility of the tropics in its lush crops of peaches, lemons, oranges, guavas, tomatoes, bananas and many other vegetables and fruits.

To a GI just out of the tropic fighting zones, Norfolk is as close to heaven as the decks of Capt. Bligh's ship in 1789 must have been close to hell.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THE beautiful mustachios, photographed by YANK's Sgt. John Frano, belong to T/Sgt. Ed M. Taylor, platoon sergeant in an 81-mm mortar outfit with the 36th Division in Italy. Taylor, who comes from El Paso, Tex., and has been in the Army four years, is one of the six battle-wise platoon sergeants whose advice on how to remain a live infantryman is contained in Sgt. Burtt Evans' story on page 2.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2 & 3—Sgt. John Frano. 5—Acme. 6—Left, Acme; right, Cpl. Sy Friedman. 7—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 8 & 9—Northwest Division Engineer. 10 & 11—Sgt. Steve Derry. 12 & 13—Sgt. Bill Young. 14—Signal Corps. 15—Upper center, PA; lower left, INP; lower right, Acme. 18—Upper, Acme; lower, PA. 19—Left, INP; right, Acme. 20—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 21—PA. 22—Upper left, INP; center left, PA; others, Acme. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Sgt. Young.

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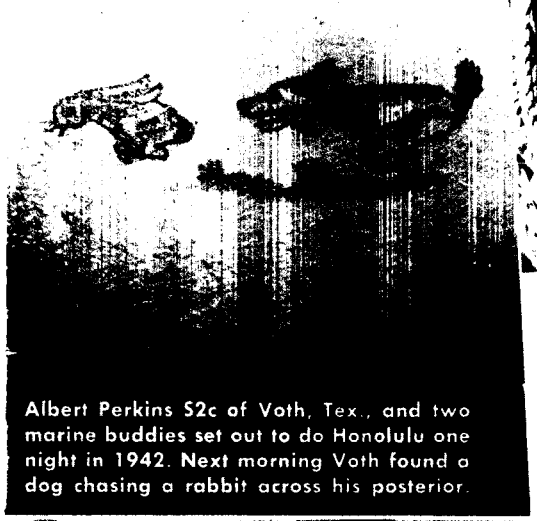
The hula girl wiggling on the right arm of Delbert Tift S1c of Belding, Mich., is the most popular of all dancing designs. She's not popular, though, with Tift's own girl.

J. R. Sohn S1c of Vancouver, Wash., wears this angry eagle and sinking battleship pattern "in remembrance of shipmates lost at sea."

"My girl had a big eagle tattooed on he chest, and it made me jealous," say Wayne T. Hathcock S2c of Greenville, Miss Now he's way ahead with 13 designs



Albert Perkins S2c of Voth, Tex., and two marine buddies set out to do Honolulu one night in 1942. Next morning Voth found a dog chasing a rabbit across his posterior.

Tattoo patterns featuring "Mother" o "Mom an' Pop" are the all-out Navy fa vorites. This particular one happens to be long to Glen McCollum S1c of Tulsa, Okla

WAR PAINT

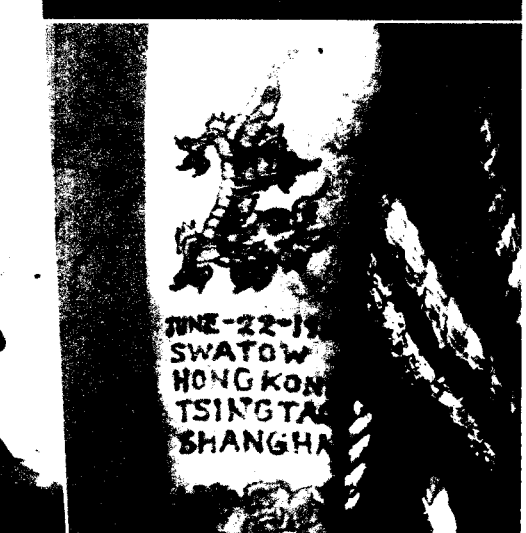
THOUGH many sailors claim they wouldn't be caught dead with a tattoo, Sgt. Lou Stoumen, YANK photographer, found that almost one-third of the men aboard an escort carrier in the Indian Ocean sport at least one design. Some get tattooed for sentimental reasons, some for love, some just for the hell of it.

Berman Santee S1c of Elkins, W. Va., says that this snake charmer on his right arm is the best substitute for "a real live girl." Santee bought her in Norfolk for six bucks.

Jap Geisha girl and a female pirate adorn the legs of W. J. Todak BM1c of Buffalo, N. Y. He also sports butterflies, anchors and the names of places he has visited.

"Death Before Dishonor" is the fighting slogan displayed on the right arm of Photographer's Mate Weiss. There's a bluebird flying across the other side of his chest.

Here's a Punjabi Muslim doing a job on a GI with his electric tattoo needle in the back of a bicycle shop at the port of Karachi, India.



J. R. Mapes TM1c hit San Francisco in 1939 after a cruise on the China Sea. For a per manent log of his trip, he had the date and ports of call tattooed on his arm

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Pipe Dream in Canada

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

HEADQUARTERS, NORTHWEST SERVICE COMMAND, ALBERTA, CANADA—When you say the word "pipe," soldier, smile! The guy alongside you may be a former member of Task Force 2600. If he is, you may never know what became of your beautiful friendship.

But he'll know, and if he doesn't dislodge your teeth, he'll talk your leg off about the pipe dream of Task Force 2600. He'll tell you about a song they used to have up on the Slave River that went something like this:

The night is light, mosquitoes sho' do bite:
Look up the river and see mo' dam' pipe.

There were other verses, too, such as these:

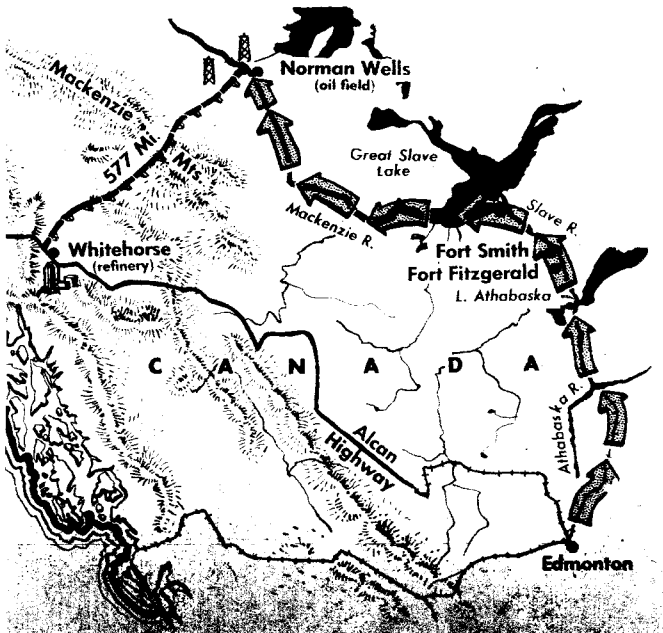
There ain't no seconds when it comes to bread,
But there's always seconds o' pipe.

Crackers in the mornin', crackers at night,
Here comes the Athabaska with mo' dam' pipe.

By this time you get the idea that this bird's woes have something to do with pipe. Before you can say "Athabaska," the story is on its way.

If you think the U. S. was caught unprepared by the Japs at Dutch Harbor June 3, 1942, any member of Task Force 2600 will put you at ease. Weeks before the Japs moved in on the Aleutians, laying siege to our entire North Pacific supply channels, TF 2600 was on its way into the Canadian Northwest to lay out a life line to threatened Alaska. Through this line today pulses the blood of the United Nations' Arctic war machine—oil. "Canadian oil" naturally became just plain "Canol" to the soldiers lugging in the four-inch tubework for this great transfusion. For more than a year, the Canol project—even the name itself—was kept under wraps.

Map traces Engineers' portage route from Edmonton to Norman Wells, now linked by pipe line to Whitehorse.



The same week the Japs were moling into the mountainsides on Attu, Kiska and Agattu, TF 2600 was pitching pup tents at Camp Prairie near a bleak little burg called Waterways, Alberta, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers. Civilian contractors had been hired by the Government to develop oil deposits at Norman Wells, Northwest Territory, and pipe the output overland 577 miles to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and points in Alaska. At Whitehorse the civilians were to erect a refinery to be transported, piece by piece, from a dismantled plant in Texas. All that TF 2600 had to do was set up and maintain water, air and winter-road transportation systems for hauling in the pipe and other supplies. That job involved stevedoring and heavy labor, such as chopping trees to provide fuel for wood-burning stern-wheel steamers chartered by the Army for river traffic.

In the contractors' hiring offices in the States, a notice had been posted:

This is no picnic! Working and living conditions on this project are as difficult as those encountered on any construction job ever done in the United States or foreign territory. Men hired for this job will be required to work and live under the most extreme conditions imaginable. Temperatures will range from 90 degrees above zero to 70 degrees below zero. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm. If not prepared to work under these and similar conditions, do not apply.

What went for the civilians went for the GIs, in spades. They couldn't quit.

The contractors admitted that the toughest part of their job was not laying the pipe, but getting the stuff there. That was up to the dogfaces—getting the pipe there.

AT Camp Prairie, 300 miles by rail north from Edmonton, here's what the soldiers discovered: Rain. Cold. Mud. No place to sleep but the ground, with last winter's frost still in it. No tent stoves. No sleeping bags or cots. No Arctic socks or shoepacs. And plenty of four-inch pipe waiting to be moved.

While they were unloading 30 to 75 carloads of freight a day, stevedoring, operating cranes and rigging pontons, the GIs also built docks, rail sidings and storage platforms. They stole the canvas tops from Army trucks and slung them as tarpaulins over foodstuffs stacked in the mud and rain. Daylight lingered 18 hours in every 24. Farther north it hung on longer. Work hours were dawn to dusk. Between times you crawled into the mud puddle sheltered by your pup tent.

ALL this the troops of TF 2600—more than half of them Negro GIs of the 388th Engineer Battalion, many of the others white GIs of the 89th and 90th Engineer Heavy Ponton Battalions—took in stride, with only the customary griping. But when they found that their orders called for moving 30,000 tons of freight, mostly pipe, over 1,171 miles of rivers and lakes in three months, they almost tossed in the sponge then and there. Existing facilities would bear 5,000 tons of traffic a year; 30,000 divided by 5,000 gave you six years.

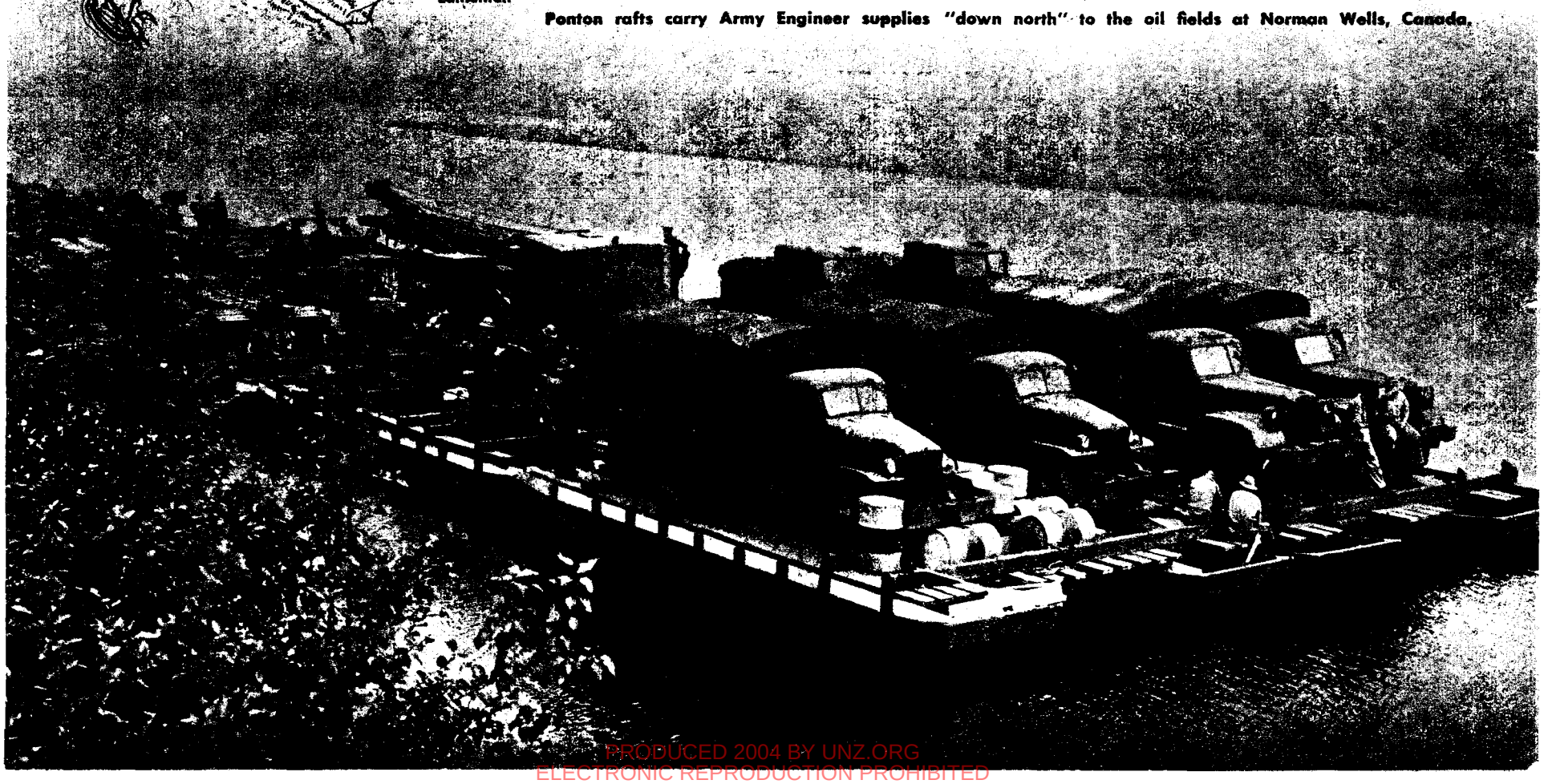
The route over which the freight was to move started at Camp Prairie, continued 507 miles "down north" along the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers, across a narrow stretch of Lake Athabaska, down Slave River to Resolution Delta on the shores of Great Slave Lake. Then there were 150 miles across the treacherous surf and underwater snags of the lake, one of the largest freshwater bodies in the world, and 560 miles more down the Mackenzie River to Norman Wells, less than 100 miles under the Arctic Circle. Navigation was possible from Camp Prairie half way to Great Slave late in May, but the lake, frozen since October, wouldn't open until July.

Even tougher than Great Slave was a 16-mile overland portage from Fitzgerald to Fort Smith on the Slave River, a stretch in which a series of cataracts tumble 120 feet in 18 miles. This meant unloading all the pipe at Fitz, hauling it by road to Smith, then reloading onto river craft. The Army found a pair of roads at the portage, roads where the dust billowed into the air and lingered for hours after a truck rolled by.

Until TF 2600 arrived, the biggest load ever tugged over the portage was a pusher boat 50 feet long, weighing 75 tons. Before the Yank troops were through, they were transporting barges 120 feet long, with loads of 160 tons each, past the rapids. Sometimes two or three of these barges made the trip in a single day. At no time, however, could a truck with a medium load make the 16 miles in less than an hour, and the big barge job was an eight-hour operation.

At more than half a dozen way stations along the rivers, the GIs had to knock new camps together. It was Camp Prairie all over again.

Ponton rafts carry Army Engineer supplies "down north" to the oil fields at Norman Wells, Canada.



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Moving 30,000 tons of freight over Northwest waterways, the Engineers tapped a vital source of oil to feed our war machine.

At Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, the camp was called Camp Nylund after T-4 Johnny Nylund, who died when his bulldozer snapped off a tree and the tree fell on his chest.

In the swampy hamlet of Fitzgerald more than one soldier was probably tempted to commit murder. While the GIs were slapping at mosquitoes that swarmed around their bare faces, the little Indian girls and boys of the neighborhood stood around looking out from under their head nets and watching the proceedings. (Nets for the soldiers arrived on the second trip of the steamer *Athabaska.*) And when the mosquitoes finished, the bull flies took over.

Later, when Negro troops went ashore on Great Slave Lake to sweat out navigable weather, an Indian stood by watching them running through some calisthenics by the numbers. The next day the village chief and most of his cronies came to see the American soldiers' "war dance."

THE first two ponton rafts that left Camp Prairie for Fitzgerald were loaded to within six inches freeboard with pipe, bulldozers and a crane. They never made it past the 18-mile crossing of Lake Athabaska. Waves swamped the rafts in five feet of water. Most of the equipment was recovered, but no pipe. Pontons later were fitted with wave breakers and canvas side decking.

Even this couldn't ward off beatings when Great Slave Lake was in fury. Once a USED tug was moving two barges across Great Slave. In 10 minutes a wild storm pounded in. Jolting waves shook tractors loose from their blocks. Foot by foot they jarred to the edge, like elephants playing hopscotch; then one by one they toppled over the side into 60 feet of water. The men just managed to climb aboard the tug from the two barges before their tow line snapped. Despite such mishaps, most of the equipment was reclaimed.

Loss of life, too, throughout the 15 months of TF 2600's mission, was low. Seven enlisted men and one officer lie buried under the muskeg. Another officer, Capt. Willis G. Gardner, owes his life to a couple of Negro engineers, Sgt. Robert Hayes and T-5 Hubert Massie. The officer tumbled overboard into freezing Clearwater River. He couldn't swim. Neither of the stevedores was any Weissmuller, either, but they splashed in and floundered him to safety. Both were awarded the Soldier's Medal.

Keeping pipe moving over the waterways was the main job of the task force, but only one part of the total mission. Detachments were shifted to more than a half-dozen spots along the 1,171-mile route to assist civilian contractors in clearing landing fields and float-plane anchorages. Aircraft were used to supplement the river boats, but forest fires raised hell with flying. Smoke would lie over the river flats for days at a time, obscuring the sun and making take-offs impossible. For several days the boys of the 388th fought a fire that threatened to close the portage road. Another fire destroyed 100 cords of wood, freshly chopped for the river steamers.

Other units drew the assignment of marking the safest river channel between Camp Prairie and Fitzgerald. They pounded long poles into the river bed 300 yards apart. When that wouldn't work, they dangled painted markers along the shore line. They sounded out submerged rocks and spotted them with chunks of wood anchored by ropes above the danger points.

Until the arrival of the 838th Signal Service Company, part of the task force, in the middle of June, communications in this area depended on the Canadian Department of Defense. In August, however, 10 GI stations handled 4,757 messages. Six months later, in one 31-day period, the signalmen were able to transmit 43,881 messages over 34 stations covering 300,000 square miles.

By August, winter was on the way again. Water began freezing in the wash pans at Fort Smith. Up to then, the troops figured they'd be going back to the States for the winter. In September, orders were issued to prepare for winter.

When it came, cold weather moved in so fast that one small detachment operating a sawmill on an island in Slave River near Fort Smith was marooned for 21 days. Ice on the river was too dangerous for crossing by boat and too thin and scattered for walking back to camp. From Oct. 28 to Nov. 18, the woodcutters huddled together until a long spell at 20 below froze the river over. The men had already run out of sugar and vegetables and were nearing the bottom of their larder.

IF anybody thought that TF 2600 was going to hibernate, like bears, during the frigid months, he received a rude jolt when the order came through to set up winter headquarters at Peace River, 250 miles west of Camp Prairie, and start bulldozing out a 1,000-mile winter road to Norman Wells. Already the civilians were laying the pipe line toward the Mackenzie-Yukon divide, and more pipe had to keep rolling.

Soon the GIs began to refer to the summer's work as "the good ol' days." By Thanksgiving the temperature was loitering between 30 and 40 below. Before the winter's end, 72 below had been reached. Civilian drivers, pushing trucks and cats, with a string of six to 10 freight sleds, over the winter trail, hollered if there were no heaters in their cabs. By the time the mercury hit 40 below, the last civilian driver had quit. GIs had to let their truck motors idle all night to keep them from freezing. If they froze, you thawed them out with a blowtorch. The Diesel fuel had to be cut from 15 to 30 percent with gasoline to keep it flowing, and many times the GIs wished they were burning crude oil right out of the wells at Norman; that, at least, would still pour at 70 below zero. Even after cutting the Diesel fuel with gasoline, the drivers had to rig up a boxful of dirt, saturate it with fuel and set it afire under the Diesel tanks.

Medics of the 44th, 45th and 46th Station Hospitals, units of the task force, ran into their roughest chore when they had to set up four 18-bed emergency hospitals along the trail. Where there were no hospitals, the medics improvised. On Bear Island at Great Slave Lake, an emergency appendicitis operation was successfully performed by Lt. Sidney Smith of the Medical Corps on Pvt. Willie Nix, a Negro engineer. The operating table was a cot placed on boards, propped up on a gas drum and a box.

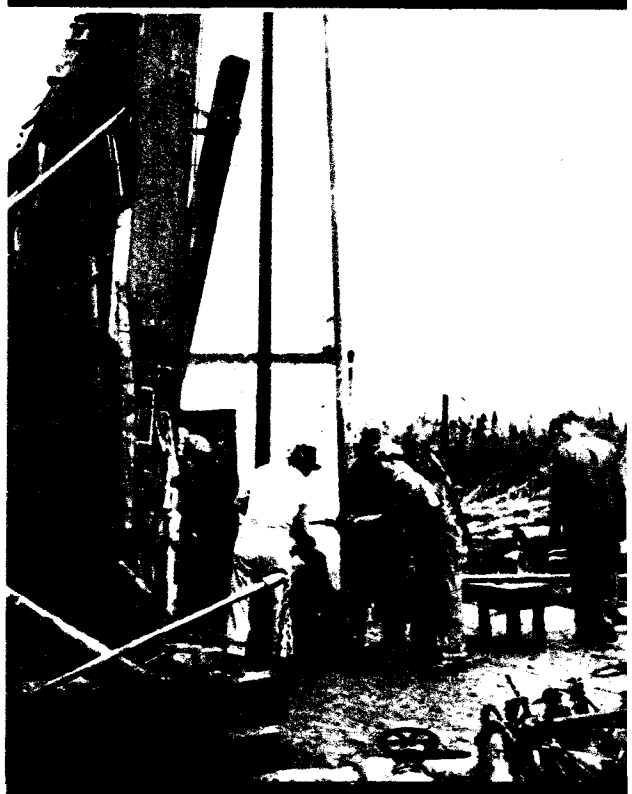
Recreation was a forgotten word. Throughout the summer the entire force couldn't have mustered more than a baseball bat or two and a few pairs of boxing gloves. The 388th boys whipped up a minstrel show from time to time. The first movies reached some of the camps in December. Others saw the same pictures two and three months later. Pvt. Joe Coliva made his own recreation and made it pay. He won $9,000 at Harlem polo from civilian laborers.

WHEN spring came again headquarters moved back to Camp Prairie. But this time it was not the same Camp Prairie. There were frame tents to live in, prefabricated mess halls, a laundry with eight washing machines, a bakery and electric lines to the tents. When the river opened up in 1943, the men were ready to take up the job at the pace they had fought to reach the year before. The pipe was rolling right from the start.

By the time Great Slave and her brood of rivers began freezing over again, Task Force 2600 was already being dissolved, its mission completed. Back in the States now, or maybe overseas again, they'll sit up and take notice whenever they hear the word "pipe." Some of them are remembering what they left behind—a smooth-working 1,171-mile waterway system, a chain of plane and seaplane landings and a 1,000-mile winter freight road across muskeg country where even the Indian guides gave up.

In their long months of labor, the men of Task Force 2600 had made possible the linking of the Whitehorse refinery with the oil source at Fort Norman, 577 miles away, and the distribution of the refined products through a 1,500-mile network of pipe lines. The Whitehorse refinery, officially opened on Apr. 30, 1944, will furnish aviation fuel for planes using the airfields between Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Fairbanks, Alaska; gasoline for trucks and Army equipment rolling over the Alaska Military Highway, and Diesel fuel for tractors and other vehicles. It is not only an engineering feat but a great piece of international cooperation—soldiers of the U. S. developing Canadian oil to be piped to U. S. bases for the common defense of both nations. It is a pipe dream come true.

This Negro GI from an Engineer service unit helps cut rafters for log cabin barracks in a north Canadian construction camp. He's sporting an Indian parka.



Army Engineers supervise lowering of production pipe on a well of the Canol project at Norman Wells. From there the oil is piped 577 miles to Whitehorse.

Lt. Sidney Smith of the Army Medics is performing emergency appendix operation on Pvt. Willie Nix in a cabin on Bear Island at Great Slave Lake.

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A REPORT ON BRITISH

By Sgt. JACK DENTON SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Farmer from Sussex wearing the old pre-war peaked hat.

Irish rifleman with caubeen, badge, green cock's hackle.

File-toothed soldier from depths of Belgian Congo.

Sikh Subedar major, highest viceroy-commissioned rank.

This Basuto soldier is an African native volunteer.

Scottish Highlander private in his dress Glengarry.

A British Army Allied Education noncom instructor.

Officer of Royal Tank regiment, known by black beret.

New Zealand soldier (Kiwi) who served in the desert.

A Polish youngster studying at the boys' Signal camp.

British Tommy on guard at his Middle East station.

THIS DETERMINED LOOKING GIRL IS AN AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE DRIVING INSTRUCTOR.

SYRIAN, LEBANESE, PALESTINIAN SOLDIERS, INSTRUCTED IN MOTORS BY A PALESTINIAN AND A BRITISH ATS.

CAIRO, EGYPT—When the first American soldier arrived here early in 1942, he was a pretty confused guy as he stood on the corner of Shari Soliman Pasha and Shari Kasr El Nil. He saw a bunch of people milling around, dressed in colorful nightgowns and talking some unintelligible gibberish. Approaching one of them—a tall, black character in a bright orange gown with a white turban wound around his head—the Yank asked him the way to U. S. Army headquarters.

"Three blocks over and turn to your left, Joe," the man answered, "but you better take cab. It pretty far."

Relieved and a little surprised that his question was answered in fairly good English, the GI beckoned to a cab. While he waited, he noticed the great variety of British soldiers brushing by.

Some wore battle dress, others dress uniform; on their heads were tams, berets, forage caps, garrison caps, turbans, *safas*; there were old soldiers and there were boys who were only 16; there were white men, black men, brown men; their shoulder insignia were strange and varied—bright red, yellow and green patches, a quarter-inch wide and an inch long, with odd-looking birds, the heads of animals, pointing forefingers, guns, bows and arrows. And there were uniformed women of many nationalities.

The newly arrived Yank found this army strange and confusing. Who were all these guys in the uniforms? What did the insignia mean? Did all the soldiers belong to the British Army, or were they just wearing the uniforms as some kind of colonial courtesy? How come the natives spoke English?

WHAT the Yank didn't know, and nobody had taken the trouble to tell him, was that all these soldiers were part of the British Army in the Middle East, defending Britain's communication lines and the Suez Canal.

Egypt, once a British protectorate and since 1922 a kingdom, is a neutral in this war, and it has been officially stated that the British forces in Egypt "in no manner have the character of an army of occupation." At present British troops are stationed not only in Egypt but throughout the Middle and Near East.

Commissioned ranks in the British Army are roughly the same as ours, down to what we would call "lieutenant" and the British pronounce "leftenant." The noncommissioned grades differ slightly. The British have no private first class; one-stripers are lance corporals. Staff sergeants wear a metal crown above the stripes, which have their points turned downward.

As in our Army, the bright-colored shoulder patches have rhyme and reason. Here's the deal:

BRANCH	COLOR
Infantry	Scarlet
Artillery	Red and blue
Tanks	Yellow and red
Engineers	Blue and red
Service Corps	Yellow and blue
Pioneers	Red and green
Ordnance	Dark blue
Engineers	Blue, yellow and red
Chaplains	Purple
Educational Corps	Pale blue
Intelligence	Green
Dental Corps	Green and white
Reconnaissance	Green and yellow
Medical Corps	Dull cherry
Signal Corps	Blue and white
Pay Corps	Yellow
Combined Operations	Blue circle, red wings, tommy gun and anchor
Airborne	Maroon stripe with *airborne* in pale blue

The British private receives about $15 a month, with promotions according to his abilities and his company table of establishment (which is the same old T/O, not very well disguised). A soldier in the British Army in the Middle East must serve here five years before becoming eligible for rotation, or what the British call "posting home." In cases of hardship the Army

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MIDDLE EAST FORCES

will make exceptions to this five-year service.

At the request of the soldier himself, his case is investigated by the Soldiers' and Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. This organization then reports its findings to the Compassionate Posting Board, composed of a lieutenant colonel, two majors, a sergeant and a private. The cases that come before them are treated as hypothetical ones; no name or rank is mentioned, and a private's case receives the same attention as a brigadier general's. If a man's application is worthy, the board arranges for him to receive A-1 priority on the first ship leaving for home. Originated by a lieutenant colonel in the Middle East, the Compassionate Posting Board is being adopted in other British armies.

THE native in the gay-hued attire who answered the bewildered American soldier in English didn't just happen to pick up the language. In one year, the British Army's Allied Educational Program has taught well over 10,000 persons—Greeks, Poles, Frenchmen, Yugoslavs, Belgians, Egyptians and many others—to speak English. Honor students from the various universities in England are chosen as instructors and sent to camps throughout the Middle East, most of them as sergeants and corporals.

Most of the natives in British battle dress are African tribesmen, members of the African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps, part of the South African Union Defense Force. The corps has its own officers but is attached to the British Army in the Middle East. Usually the native soldiers have their tribal name stitched on their shoulder—Swazi, Basuto, Swahili or whatever it is—in white letters on a black background.

Probably the most spectacular natives of all are the Bongos, not part of the African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps but organized into their own *Premier Brigade du Congo Motorisé*. Colonial troops from the trackless jungles of the Belgian Congo, they are also attached to the British Army in the Middle East. Originally cannibals, many of the Bongos still retain the old tribal custom of filing their gleaming teeth into deadly spikes. They like to show their teeth in a broad grin, but it may not be amusing if they're within eating distance of you. According to legend, a company of Bongos officered by some tough Belgian lieutenants got together just before the war and decided they wanted to change the regime. It was simple: they ate the old officers.

Cairo's streets, like the streets of almost any city where the British Army goes, are filled with the varied headdresses of the soldiers of the Indian Army, a gigantic organization in itself and a reservoir feeding the British Army in the Middle East with some of its bravest and most valuable troops. There are hundreds of racial and religious types in the Indian Army, among them Sikhs, Gurkhas, Rajputs and Punjabi Muslims.

THE youngsters the American GI saw strutting about Cairo in battle dress belong to the boys' camp of the Royal Army Signal Corps, a premilitary course from which they graduate into regular Signal units. Recruited all over the Middle East, the boys' camp includes Greek, Polish, Lebanese, Hebrew, Armenian, French and any other boys who meet the requirements. Minimum age for the outfit is supposed to be 16, but recruiting officers are sometimes fooled and there are boys of 12 and 13 who have enlisted. You may see a boy of 15 strutting about in corporal's chevrons; his rank has no privileges outside of camp, but it does plenty for his sense of confidence.

The uniformed women who caught the American GI's eye were members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Any girl who is resident in the Middle East may join the ATS, and plenty have. They wear the same uniforms no matter what their nationality, but carry the name of their country on their shoulder. Polish, French, Yugoslav, Greek, Armenian, Lebanese, Australian, New Zealander, Rhodesian, South African, Palestinian and of course English girls are serving with the ATS as part of the British Army in the Middle East. At an ATS installation on the outskirts of Cairo, you can watch an English girl conduct a class in mechanics and motor maintenance while another ATS girl translates in the language of the students. And it is not unusual to see an ATS driving instructor sitting beside a swarthy Lebanese or Armenian in the cab of a Cairo truck.

All of these men and women of the British Army in the Middle East share one thing in common: the NAAFI (Navy, Army, Air Force Institute), a gigantic PX where the British soldier draws everything over and above his basic ration. Here in the Middle East, the NAAFI bottles and supplies well over 100,000 bottles of soft drinks and mineral waters a week; bakes some 700,000 cakes and cookies a week; furnishes the various NAAFI stores and restaurants throughout the Middle East with food for lunches and suppers, and supplies the British soldier with nearly everything except a wife. Tiny garrisons, buried in the desert miles from civilization, receive regular visits from mobile NAAFI units.

Five years of war have taught Britain's Army many things, and here in the Middle East it is passing on bitter lessons in the arts of death and survival to any allies who want to learn.

On a casual visit to a British installation, you may find a Greek platoon learning to build bridges or practicing landing operations. Officered by their own people with a Hebrew NCO passing on British instruction through the lone English-speaking Greek, the men of the platoon work silently and seriously. Or you may discover a company of soldiers from Palestine, under a Greek officer, completing a bridge begun by a company of South Africans. The interpreter passing on British instruction is a Russian-born Czech who speaks Yiddish and Hebrew.

As for the British Tommy here in the Middle East, he's doing a variety of jobs. He acted as policeman during the troubles in Iraq, Lebanon and Palestine; he's helping administer the captured enemy territory of Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Libya, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania.

One of his jobs is turning the Middle East into a big production center that may feed Europe's starving millions after the Nazis are defeated. He's draining areas infested with malaria mosquitoes; in Saudi Arabia he is fighting the locust.

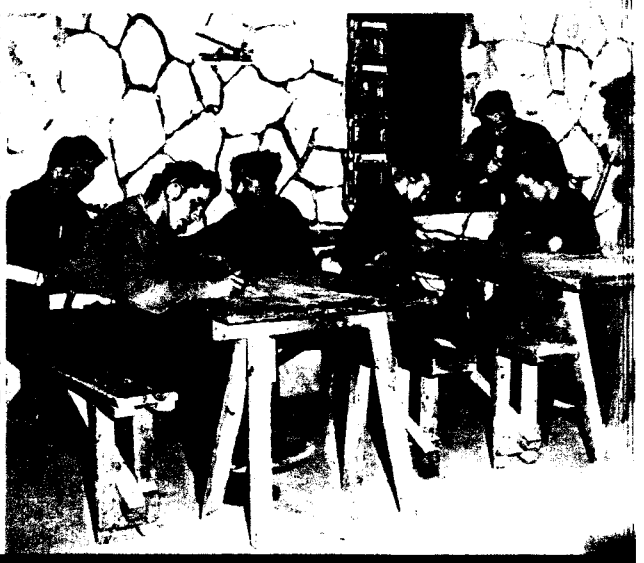
He is harrying the Germans in Greece and the Aegean Islands. In doing so he has tied down enemy troops that otherwise would be available for the Russian and Italian fronts. Some Tommies are training in the latest techniques of infantry combat, gunnery, parachuting, armored warfare, radar and communications; others, after long periods at the front, are resting in camps that are the next best thing to a return home.

The British Tommy is waging war on the drug traffic in Palestine, Lebanon and Egypt. He has also cleared out the dangerous mine fields the Germans planted in Egypt, and in spite of the efforts of the German and Italian air forces to sow mines from the skies, he has kept the Suez Canal open for the safe passage of Allied ships.

In addition the British Army in the Middle East is doing a magnificent job of building road, rail and air-transportation facilities. In a land that once depended on camel tracks on the shifting sands, there are now 40-foot-wide tarmac roads and hundreds of airports. The British soldiers operate docks and ports in Egypt, Tripoli, Libya and the Levant, where millions of tons of vital supplies are processed—supplies from the States and from Britain, intended for use in the Middle East and in India; supplies from Egypt; Iraq, Iran and Australia for shipment to Britain and the States.

A GURKHA FROM NEPAL. HE'S THE GLAMOR BOY OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

WELSH GUNNERS BREW DESERT TEA IN A COOKER. DON'T THEY KNOW A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS?



GREEK AND FRENCH STUDENTS AT THE BOYS' SIGNAL CAMP COME FROM ALL OVER THE MIDDLE EAST.

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SGT. LAMAR GETS HERSELF A HAIR-DO AT AILEEN OTAKE'S BEAUTY PARLOR WHILE CPL. KESLER WAITS HER TURN.

THE GIRLS ARE ATTRACTED BY STATISTICS AS THEY POSE UNDERNEATH THE "CROSSROADS OF THE PACIFIC." HOW FAR WILL THE WAR EVENTUALLY TAKE THEM? ONE THING IS SURE. THEY'RE ALREADY A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

HERE THE GIRLS GET THE TRADITIONAL HAWAIIAN WELCOME FROM BUXOM ANNIE KAAILAULA AT THE MOANA HOTEL.

HONOLULU

AND NOW, WHILE THEY ADMIRE AN ORCHID AT FOSTER GARDENS, YOU GET AN ADMIRABLE VIEW OF THE GIRLS.

THIS ONE SHOWS CPL. KESLER AND SGT. LAMAR DROPPING GOOD-LUCK COINS IN THE HANDS OF A BUDDHIST GOD. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO MAKE A REASONABLE WISH.

CPL. KESLER IS NOW TRY
SHOP WHILE THE TWO SE

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THAT'S SGT. LAMAR AT LEFT AND CPL. KESLER AT RIGHT IN CASE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM WITHOUT THEIR STRIPES, FROLICKING IN THE SURF AT WAIKIKI BEACH. THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE GOT VERY WET SO FAR.

THE CORPORAL GIVES THE SERGEANT SOME POINTERS O
HOW TO DANCE THE HULA. MUST STILL BE ON LESSON NO.

THEY WIND UP A BUSY DAY WITH DINNER AT P. Y. CHONG'S SWANK HONOLULU RESTAURANT. WHAT'S THE BIG JOKE?

A ROBE IN A LOCAL DRESS GIVE THEIR SMILING OKAY.

IN THIS PICTURE OUR HEROINES ARE FOUND KIBITZING INSIDE THE DOLE PINEAPPLE CANNERY IN HONOLULU. LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT? WE MEAN THE FRUIT.

CPL. KESLER—"DIMPS" TO HER FRIENDS—HAS A HULA-SKIRTE
REMINDER OF HER HOLIDAY AS THAT PASS RUNS OU

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For Officers Only (Contd.)

Dear YANK:

The "Infantry Lieutenant, Regular Army" [who condemned fraternization of officers and EM in a February issue of YANK—Ed.] need not have stated he was a Regular Army man, with 10 years' service; one could easily have deducted that by merely reading his letter. We'd like to know where he gets the idea that officers are supposed to maintain a "sort of awe, a myth of superiority," as he so egotistically states it. Maybe in the old Army he managed to get by that way, but the new Army is composed of lots of men who don't go for that sort of Army. These men are capable of thinking for themselves because they've been doing it a long time before they entered the service—so the lieutenant's "bubble of a myth" has been busted as of the date of their entrance.

Most amusing was his statement that becoming intimate with the men would be "dethroning the hero and disillusioning the men by descending to their level." What a bigot! . . .

The Aleutians —Cpl. EARL BRANDT*

*Also signed by 23 others.

Dear YANK:

. . . . There seems to be some argument about the segregation of officers and enlisted men. . . . We have officers over here that I, and I'm sure most of my buddies, would gladly go to hell for. I've lain in the same foxhole with a brigadier general and two lieutenant colonels. They were just as scared as I was, and they weren't bitching because there were EM in the same hole. These officers ate out of a mess kit and sweated out the same chow line I did. We respected them because they were men as well as officers. I expect to go home in a few weeks or months. I am afraid I am going to run into difficulties with some of those pretty shave tails, but I guess I'll just grin and bear it.

Guadalcanal —Cpl. CHARLES E. FREAD*

*Also signed by Sgt. A. E. Gardner.

Dear YANK:

. . . . The officers who haven't been in combat are usually the ones who throw their rank around, while the officers who have been through hell with their men are content to sweat out the line with the boys. I knew a major who was loved and respected by every man in his unit; it certainly wasn't because he pulled his rank. . . .

Italy —T/Sgt. WILLIAM BARNES (Ranger)

Dear YANK:

The "Infantry Lieutenant, Regular Army" speaks of democracy. . . . I was at the Anzio beachhead and am now in a base hospital. I'm sure the men on the Cassino and Anzio fronts would lose their respect and admiration for their officers if they had not called them "Joe." For the *good* officers are the ones who go partying with the men. . . . When your officers call you "Joe," you know that even though you are a private that word "Joe" means a buddy. . . .

Italy —Pvt. JACK K. CHANCY*

*Also signed by Pvts. Joe Busciglio and Terry Marico.

Dear YANK:

. . . . I have just got back from two and a half years' service in the South Pacific, and during that time I was on nearly every island there. . . . I know officers who didn't do anything but peddle newspapers or Coca-Colas before they got in the Army. I know one man in a Seabee outfit who was a WPA foreman before he got in, and if he had to live off the Government before he got in the service, well, I guess that's as good a place as any for him. . . .

Harmon Gen. Hospital, Tex. —Cpl. HASTEN J. PEEK

Dear YANK:

I would like to answer the lieutenant who said he was a company commander in the Infantry. He stated that if the officers would go on parties with the enlisted men and also live with them, the enlisted men would soon lose respect for the officers. I would like to ask this lieutenant if he has lost respect for his father? He lived with him, ate with him and sat beside him in the shows. . . . I think that a company commander who is unable to associate with his men, and still keep their friendship and respect, should not be a company commander. . . . I would like to tell the lieutenant that I have visited the Russian Army camp, and in their day room I found as many officers as soldiers playing pool together. I work with them every day, and I have seen captains working in the grease pits beside the enlisted men. What do you think of the Russian Army?

Iran —T-4 JOHN T. EWING Jr.

MAIL CALL

Canadian Salute

Dear YANK:

It is with the greatest pleasure, each time the mail orderly produces it, that I open and read YANK. To me, as a Canadian and therefore, in a broad sense, an American, YANK covers more than any of the Canadian or British Army papers. You seem to always bring out a sheet that is alive, not semi-stiff like ours tend to be. . . . So it is with pleasure that I salute you, YANK, and may your life be a happy one, though not long!

Britain —Cpl. WILLIAM R. BELYEA

Americal Division Commander

Dear YANK:

I have noticed in your magazine that almost every issue has a picture of some famous general. But to my idea the greatest general of them all has never had his picture in YANK. He is Maj. Gen. John R. Hodge, former commander of the Americal Division, the first Army Ground Forces unit to ever take the offensive against the Japs in the Pacific. If you would put his picture in YANK you would not only please me but would provide interest for every member of the division.

Bougainville —Pvt. G. SALTARELLI

■ Maj. Gen. Hodge is shown pinning the Purple Heart on Sgt. Barrett McGurn, YANK correspondent who was recently wounded by Jap knee-mortar fragments on Bloody Hill (Hill 260), Bougainville. It's not a very good picture of the general, but our guess is he wasn't bothering much about ceremony.

YANK in Politics?

Dear YANK:

I wonder if you could set right a few of the people who misunderstand the principles of YANK? The local paper from my home town has just reached me, and it carries a story to the effect that the Republican state chairman wanted to know if it were true that YANK is conducting "fourth-term propaganda in its overseas editions." He was quoted as follows: ". . . . Stories persistently come to me, brought back by men home on leave from overseas duty, that such things as this, for instance, are carried [in YANK]: A statement from President Roosevelt fully displayed, on the question of post-war benefits for veterans, with the comment at the bottom that 'the Republicans are opposed to this policy' . . . ."

I am a subscriber of YANK, and so far I haven't seen anything in any overseas edition that had any similarity to the accusations made in this article.

Iran —Cpl. CLIFFORD L. THOMPSON

■ None of the 13 editions of YANK has ever printed cracks like that. We never shall. We are an Army publication and as such we take no sides in politics.

Fascism

Dear YANK:

In reference to Sgt. Russell F. Ryan's letter [which appeared in a March issue of YANK, charging Army discrimination against anti-Fascist veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion—Ed.], I agree full heartily. As an anti-Fascist veteran of the famous Abraham Lincoln Battalion I proudly served my two years in helping to stop Fascism. . . . I have been so much discriminated against that it is funny no more. A few weeks ago I was taken off my job and was told that the reason my spec number was changed was because I was a veteran of the International Brigade. I asked if they were fighting Fascism or fighting me, the true son of anti-Fascist spirit. I have been in the service for three years, and also in Hawaii; I wanted to go to China to help the Chinese but was sent back to the U. S. . . . No matter how much they discriminate against me, they'll never break that anti-Fascist spirit in me. I fought Fascism in Spain, in Poland with the underground movement and will fight it any place I meet up with it. The Fascists will pay dearly for my mother and brother who are now under the Nazi rule. How much more of a true anti-Fascist can they find? . . . .

Camp Haan, Calif. —S/Sgt. B. WAWRZYKOWSKI

Hornsby's First Pennant

Dear YANK:

In a March issue your Sgt. Dan Polier states that one of the questions Stan Musial asked Alaska GIs was: "Who was the first playing manager who in his first year as manager led his team to a National League pennant and a World Series victory?" I can quite understand why the so-called fog-bound GI was puzzled; not only he but you, your correspondent and Stan Musial, who should know better, were slightly off the ball. The first playing manager to win a National League pennant and lead his team to a World Series victory was Rogers Hornsby, who led the St. Louis Cardinals of 1927 to their first pennant and world championship. . . .

New Guinea —S/Sgt. C. F. BOCCHINO

■ YANK and Stan Musial were correct when they said that Frank Frisch was the first playing manager in the National League who led his team to a pennant and World Series victory in his first year in the job. Hornsby did not win the pennant the first year he was playing manager of the Cardinals, which was 1925. He won it in 1926.

Italian Tale

Dear YANK:

I received this letter from my brother who is overseas, describing his observations of existing conditions in Italy:

Dear Al: I'll be damned if I know what to write about. . . . I suppose I shouldn't bitch. I've seen every opera and attended a hell of a lot of concerts. Tomorrow night I expect to see "Aida." Today a buddy and myself went on a walking tour. We saw sights that astounded us. . . . Although we are sending plenty of food supplies, a lot of the poorer people are being cheated out of it. It seems as though some Italians who have some authority are using it to no good. . . . What burns me most is those Italians in good circumstances who won't do a damn thing to help the unfortunate out. As much as GIs would like to help them, our hands are tied. In the first place it is a court-martial offense to take food from the camp. Then there are so many that what little we have in our pockets is just a teaser. Once we start to give anything we are pestered for weeks.

We used to let the people come in with pails and take the food we couldn't eat. Before long we had close to 500 Italians waiting for a bite to eat. It got so bad that they were each trying to get it all for himself and taking things from our mess kits. Also, it is a hell of a feeling to have a bunch staring at you with eyes wide open and watching every bite you take. . . . Prices have gone up high. For example, a kilo (2.1 pounds) of hazel nuts sold for 8 cents; now they are asking 70. To us who can afford it, okay, but what about those poor beggars who probably walk the streets all day for 20 cents? . . . When I speak [of Italian profiteers] I refer to a minority of the people, who should be shot for causing this grief to their countrymen. . . .

Gulfport Field, Miss. —Cpl. A. SCHWARTZ

Message Center

C. 1st Lt. CHERRY C. CARPENTER, Med. Corps, at OCS in Texas, 1942: write Bessie Anna Peterson Y1c, USNR, NROTC Unit, Univ. of Texas, Austin, Tex. . . . Cpl. ROLLIN CARPENTER, last heard of at Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla.: write Sgt. Walter K. Buchanan, 509th BH & AB Sq., SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. . . . JOHN G. CARTY, last heard of in an AAF Band in Louisiana: write Cpl. Robert B. Putnam, 224th AAF Base Unit, CCTS (H) Section D, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . T-5 ISADORE CHEVAT, formerly at Fort Monmouth with Sig. Corps: write Sgt. Norman Sternbach, RTU 336th Bomb. Gp., Lake Charles, La. . . . TOM CONNELLY: write Pfc. Thomas Doherty, 353d Tng. Sq., AAB, Rapid City, S. Dak. . . . Cpl. LEROY CROCHET, once at Miami Beach, Fla.: write Pvt. Preston R. Leblanc, H & S Co., 1880th Avn. Engr. Bn., AAB, Alamogordo, N. Mex.

D. JOHN H. DALY, formerly of the 211th Sig. Depot Co.: write M/Sgt. Charles E. Rogan, Co. A, 36th Bn., 9th Regt., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Sgt. CHARLIE DAVIS, once in the 1893d Engr. Avn. Bn. in Idaho: write S/Sgt. Perry Thomas, 1892d Engr. Bn., Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash. . . . Pvt. THEODORE DECKER, once at Atlantic City: write Pfc. Johnny Davis, ATC Ground Sch., Hamilton Fld., Calif. . . . Pfc. ARTHUR J. DEKOVEN JR., with the 22d Marines, once in Co. G, 2d Bn.: write your father at the Walter Reed Gen. Hospital, Washington, D. C. . . . Pvt. EVELYN DUBARRY of Atlanta, Ga.: write Pvt. Joe Wozny, Co. G, 511th Prcht. Inf., APO 468, Camp Polk, La. . . . Sgt. JACK D. DUNSON, once at Tarrant Fld., Fort Worth, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Myron Davidson, 887th PTTS, Laughlin Fld., Del Rio, Tex.

E. JULIUS EDELSBERG, once in Shreveport, La.: write Pvt. Joseph Felber, 803d TSS, Bks. 1426, AAB, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH ELIA, formerly of Hq. & Hq. Co., Colton, Calif.: write Lt. R. B. Dibble, 120 E. Palm Ave., Redlands, Calif. . . . Pfc. EUGENE L. ESTRADA, in Italy: write Pfc. Albert L. Estrada, 489th Bomb Gp., Sq. 485th, Wendover Fld., Utah.

F. Lt. HAL FESSLER, once at Aberdeen Prov. Gnd., Md.: write Pvt. H. J. Mauer, Ward 20, Foster Gen. Hosp., Jackson, Miss. . . . Pvt. CHARLES FLOYD, once at Base Gen. Hosp., San Bernardino, Calif.: write Pfc. R. Echternack, 582d MPEG Co., POW Camp, Weingarten, Mo. . . . ELENORE FRAYE, last heard of in Oklahoma City, Okla., with WAVES: write Pvt. Frank Vigrali, Troop D, 90th Cav., Rcn. Sq. (Mecz), APO 260, Camp Gordon, Ga.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Wartime Powers at Issue

The labor dispute between the Federal Government and the Montgomery Ward mail-order house in Chicago became the most hotly discussed home-front controversy in months after Sewell Avery, chairman of the Ward board, was carried bodily from his office by soldiers acting under orders from Attorney General Francis J. Biddle. Now the case has grown more important. The Senate and the House of Representatives, questioning the right of the Administration to take control of a private business not directly connected with war production, have both voted to conduct investigations to determine how far President Roosevelt's wartime power extends.

For the benefit of those who haven't read about the Montgomery Ward affair, it started with Avery refusing to renew a contract with the CIO union operating in his company on the grounds that it did not represent a majority of employees.

The War Labor Board ordered the union to run an election among Ward employees to determine the union's status and ordered Avery to extend the contract until the election took place. Avery refused to take orders from the War Labor Board, and the union struck. President Roosevelt sent the union back to work and asked Avery to obey the War Labor Board.

Again Avery refused, claiming that the War Labor Board and the President had no right to dictate to Ward's because it was not a war industry. Then the Government took over the company.

The case came into Federal court in Chicago when the Government brought an injunction suit against the company, seeking the right to maintain control of the mail-order business. Company lawyers contended that President Roosevelt, even in wartime, lacked authority to take over a private commercial business without the consent of Congress.

Attorney General Biddle argued that Ward's big farm-machinery business made it essential in the war effort and put Marvin E. Jones, War Food Administrator, on the stand to testify that stoppage of work in the mail-order house would hurt the food supply. Biddle also said a strike at Ward's would encourage strikes elsewhere.

But the attorney general's main argument was that no private business had the right to ignore an order from the President in wartime. He also denied that the court had the right in time of war to "substitute its judgment for that of the Executive."

This caused repercussions that led to the decision in both houses of Congress to investigate the case. Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, anti-Administration Democratic leader, said: "Does Francis Biddle cherish the ambition to be an American Himmler?" Senator James Eastland [Dem., Miss.] said: "If the President has the power to take over Montgomery Ward, he has the power to take over a grocery store or butcher shop in any hamlet in the United States."

Senator Alben Barkley [Dem., Ky.], Senate majority leader, asked his colleagues to let the courts settle the dispute over the President's authority, but they passed the inquiry resolution unanimously. The House followed suit by a vote of 300 to 60.

New Tax Bill. The House of Representatives has passed 358 to 0 a new bill designed to relieve 30,000,000 of the nation's 50,000,000 taxpayers of the necessity of figuring out complicated Federal income-tax returns. It calls for an expansion of the 10-percent withholding-tax system so that everybody earning $5,000 or less annually will have all their taxes taken from their pay instead of also being bothered with tax forms as they were last March.

The 10,000,000 who earn $5,000 or less but get income from other sources would be allowed to use a simple form showing their entire tax. The remaining 10,000,000 Americans who make more than $5,000 would file a much shorter form than the present long one, which caused the public outcry for simplification of taxes. The bill would also eliminate the Victory tax and make a uniform exemption of $500 per person. Thus a taxpayer would be exempted from $500 for himself, $500 for his wife and $500 for each other dependent.

Election Currents. Despite reports of growing anti-fourth-term sentiment in the Democratic South, U. S. Senator Claude Pepper of Florida and U. S. Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, both loyal supporters of President Roosevelt, have been renominated in their respective state primaries. In the South, of course, the battle for the Democratic nomination in the primary is practically the same as being elected.

Critics of the Administration, however, pointed out that although Senator Pepper defeated his anti-New Deal opposition, the voters in Florida chose six delegates to the Democratic national convention who are pledged to Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, one of President Roosevelt's strongest rivals.

Administration backers were pleased with the results of the Republican primary in South Dakota. U. S. Senator Chan Gurney was renominated there despite charges that he had "absorbed too much of the New Deal" and favored President Roosevelt's foreign policy.

Dr. Woodward and Dr. Doering

Synthetic Quinine

Two 27-year-old Harvard chemists, Dr. Robert B. Woodward and Dr. William E. Doering, have hit upon one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the century—the development of synthetic quinine that precisely duplicates the natural drug, critically scarce since the Jap conquest of the Netherlands East Indies in 1942 cut us off from 95 percent of the world's supply.

It took Dr. Woodward and Dr. Doering only 14 months in their Cambridge (Mass.) laboratory to solve the highly complicated jigsaw puzzle of quinine's molecule construction. Unlike atabrine and plasmochin, which the Army and Navy have been using as a substitute for quinine in the treatment of malaria, their synthetic product cannot be distinguished from the real thing.

Scientists feel the work of Dr. Woodward and Dr. Doering has special significance because it may lead to the creation of other quinine-like materials even more effective in fighting malaria than quinine itself. While they were developing their formula, the two chemists produced another new substance similar to quinidine, a quinine product that has been the only drug used successfully in the treatment of certain kinds of heart disease.

ROMANCE. **Kathleen Kennedy, 24-year-old daugter of former U. S. Ambassador to Britain Joseph Kennedy, was married in London to Lord Hartington, son of the Duke of Devonshire. He's an officer in the Coldstream Guards, she a Red Cross worker.**

NAMES IN THE NEWS

"The undisclosed Southern retreat" where **President Roosevelt** spent his four weeks' spring vacation turned out to be Hobcaw Barony, Bernard M. Baruch's coastal plantation at Georgetown, S. C. The President returned to the White House tanned, rested and, according to his physician, "in excellent shape." He spent his time there relaxing in the sun, fishing and doing some work. . . . Pulitzer prizes for 1943 went to **Martin Flavin** for his novel "Journey in the Dark"; **Daniel De Luce** of the Associated Press for reporting of international affairs; **Paul Schoenstein,** city editor of the New York *Journal-American*, and reporters working under him for local reporting; the New York *Times* for disinterested and meritorious public service (survey showing unsatisfactory teaching of American history in U. S. schools and colleges); **Frank Filan** of the Associated Press for his combat photographs at Tarawa; **Ernie Pyle** of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance for war correspondence; **Dewey L. Fleming** of the Baltimore *Sun* for reporting of national affairs. The Pulitzer prize advisory board found no American play of 1943 worthy of commendation but gave a special award to the current smash hit on Broadway, **Richard Rodger's** and **Oscar Hammerstein 2d's** operetta "Oklahoma." **Byron Price,** director of censorship, received a Pulitzer citation for his creation and administration of U. S. censorship codes. Pyle, now in England as an invasion correspondent, was also honored by the Sons of Indiana as "The Hoosier of 1944." . . . Died: **Mrs. Alfred E. Smith,** 65, wife of the former New York governor, of virus pneumonia in New York; **G. W. (Billy) Bitzer,** 73, pioneer movie cameraman who filmed "The Birth of a Nation" and early Mary Pickford pictures, in Hollywood, Calif.; **William Ellery Leonard,** 68, eccentric University of Wisconsin professor and poet whose "distance phobia" made him afraid to venture more than a few blocks from his home for 30 years, of a heart ailment in Madison, Wis.

ODDS & ENDS DEPT.

A fireman driving home in **Brooklyn, N. Y.,** picked up Mrs. Virginia Romano, who was about to have triplets and needed to get to the hospital but bad. A boy and a girl were born in the back seat en route, and after Mrs. Romano was rushed into the hospital elevator another girl arrived between the first and second floors. . . . Mrs. Elaine Monfredi of Los Angeles, Calif., 21-year-old mother of two children, eloped to **Denver, Colo.,** with 14-year-old Ellsworth Wisecarver. She was charged with child stealing by Ellsworth's mother. . . . William Penticoff, 88, died at **Freeport, Ill.,** leaving 147 direct descendants—five sons, six daughters, 51 grandchildren, 80 great grandchildren and five great great grandchildren. . . . "General" Jacob S. Coxey appeared on the Capitol steps in **Washington** to finish a speech he started there 50 years ago. In 1894, Coxey led his famous "army" of 5,000 from Massillon, Ohio, to Washington to demand interest-free government bonds as a depression cure, but his speech was halted by the police. . . . Warren Wright's Pensive, a 7-to-1 shot with Conn McCreary in the saddle, scored a surprising 4½-length victory in the 70th running of the **Kentucky Derby,** beating Mrs. George Poulson's Broadcloth and the 3-to-2 favorite, Greentree Stable's Stir Up. . . . The **OPA** has taken all meats except beefsteak and roast beef off the rationed-foods list. As a result, American housewives are now planning their meals according to the number of dollars in their purses instead of the number of red points in their ration books. Chester Bowles, OPA chief, did not promise that this order would remain in effect for the duration, and it did not leave too many points to be spent on roast beef, butter and cheese. The individual allotment of red points was cut in half. . . . Two famous **New York** landmarks, the old Union Club Building and the Vanderbilt Mansion, both on Fifth Avenue opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, will be torn down soon to make way for a modern office building.

Mr. & Mrs. Wisecarver

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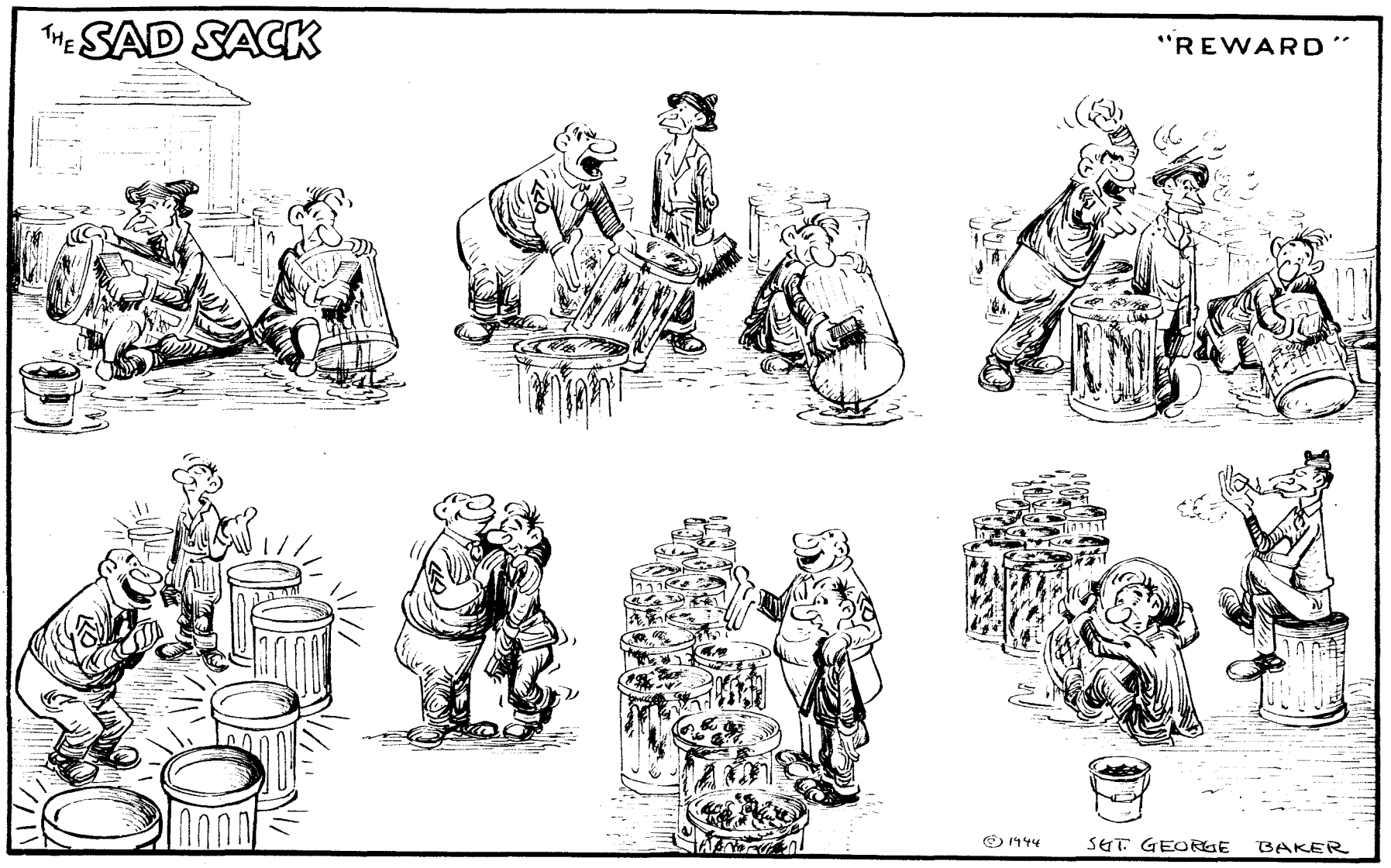

What's Your Problem?

Warrant Officer Appointment

Dear YANK:

I passed a recent examination for warrant officer, junior grade, classification 1, but was not appointed. Instead I received a Certificate of Eligibility. If I transfer to the Air Forces can the commanding general of that arm appoint me as a warrant officer?

—M/Sgt. SYDNEY C. KERKSIS

Prisoner of War Camp, Opelika, Ala.

■ Yes; the certificate is evidence that you know your job in that classification and that you can perform that job in any arm or branch of the Army.

Shave and Haircut

Dear YANK:

I have a very serious problem that I would like your advice on. We are allowed to go to town in fatigues, mixed uniforms and practically anything we want. But can we grow a beard? Hell, no. I have started one four different times. They vary in length from five to 15 days. About that time a shave tail that isn't old enough to grow a beard pipes up: "Soldier, I will give you 30 minutes to get that beard shaved off." What we would like to know is, do soldiers overseas have the right to grow beards?

India —Cpl. GLEN CARLSEN

■ That's a tough one. *AR 40-205, Paragraph 7,* says the soldier will keep ". . . . the beard neatly trimmed." Looks to us as if you'll just have to hide in the jungle until your struggling whiskers get to where they can stand trimming. Even then it's our guess that most COs will insist that a "neatly trimmed" beard is simply a smooth shave.

DEAR YANK:

. . . I prize my sideburns, but an officer just told me to get a GI haircut. Do I have to. YANK, when I see lots of guys with long hair?

Panama —Pvt. SIDNEY MILLER

■ That's a little easier. The same *AR* says ". . . . hair will be kept short." No room for question there. Those sideburns must go.

Refusing a Discharge

Dear YANK:

What's my problem? Here it is. I was drafted in 1942 with a bad ankle. I was discharged with a CDD five months later. After being a civilian for only two months, I was drafted again. Now the Army wants to discharge me again; I have recently rejected two CDDs but I am up for a third, and this time the Army doctor tells me I won't be able to do anything about it and that I will have to accept the discharge. But that's pretty damned dumb. If I am released I will be drafted right away again, and I don't mind saying I'm pretty sick and tired of going through induction stations.

How can I stay in the Army, YANK, and save myself a lot of mess and bother?

Panama —Cpl. ANTON LACHENBRUCH

■ If the Army doesn't want you, you're out. Your draft board might try to reinduct you into the Army, of course, but our guess is that it won't. Army physical standards today are probably at rock-bottom, and if Uncle Sam can't use you now, you almost certainly will be let alone from here on in. Incidentally, that must be one helluva bad ankle you've got.

Are War Bonds Safe?

Dear YANK:

The Liberty Bonds of World War I are used by a lot of GIs as an argument against buying War Bonds now. What basis did the Government use in paying off those bonds? Did they pay back 100 cents on the dollar? Boys here claim their people lost money on them. Is this so? It is my belief that the U. S. Government has always taken care of its obligations.

Northern Ireland —Sgt. FRANCIS A. PETERS

■ Uncle Sam has always paid his debts. It is true that some Liberty Bond holders got the short end of the stick after the last war, but that was only because they sold their bonds on the basis of prices established by stock exchange fluctuations. Those who deliberately sold Liberty Bonds at less than the face value, because they were afraid the Government could not redeem the bonds when they were due, were suckers. When the maturity date was reached, those who held onto their bonds collected the full amount. In any event, purchasers today are fully protected from themselves; War Bonds are not transferable or negotiable, therefore cannot fluctuate in value.

Contact Lenses

DEAR YANK:

I have a conical cornea, and just before getting into the Army I was making plans to buy contact lenses for my eyes. But things happened fast, and I was actually doing KP before I realized I was a soldier. Now I'm wondering again about those special lenses, which my civilian doctor told me I should get. Can I get them?

Southwest Pacific —Pfc. NORMAN HEIDT

■ Not from the Army. War Department medical authorities take the stand that, although in such cases as yours it might be better to wear contact lenses, regular spectacles will serve the purpose. If, however, you do manage to get contact lenses from a civilian oculist, you are at liberty to wear them.

American Theater Ribbon

Dear YANK:

While I was a passenger in a plane returning from the European Theater I was forced down in the wilderness of Canada for 32 days. Am I eligible for the American Theater Ribbon?

San Antonio AAB, Tex. —A/C RICHARD ROTOLO

■ No; you were only a passenger.

French "Medals"

Dear YANK:

I am entitled to the Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Verdun medals, which were awarded by France for service in World War I. But I want to know whether I am permitted to wear them on my Army uniform.

North Africa —Capt. FRANK RENAULT

■ The Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Verdun "medals" were not official awards of the government of France. They were awards made by civic officials of these three French towns to men who signed a big gold-bound volume with red ink and paid a cash sum of about $1 American money. They must never be worn on the Army uniform.

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[illegible] W[illegible] markings [illegible] post-card [illegible] envelopes [illegible] supreme [illegible] and back [illegible] purpose is [illegible] enable ballot applications and ballots themselves to be sent by free air mail.

These markings are being printed on the new post-card applications and ballot envelopes that the War Ballot Commission has ordered for distribution to the Army, Navy and War Shipping Administration. However, it may be several months before these new forms are available.

Meanwhile, many states have already sent out absentee ballots with envelopes that do not bear these new official markings, and many GIs are still applying for ballots with the old-style post cards *(WD AGO Form 560)*, which do not bear the air-mail markings, either. Unless these plain envelopes and old-style post cards are marked to let the postal people know they are ballot mail, they may get buried in regular mail.

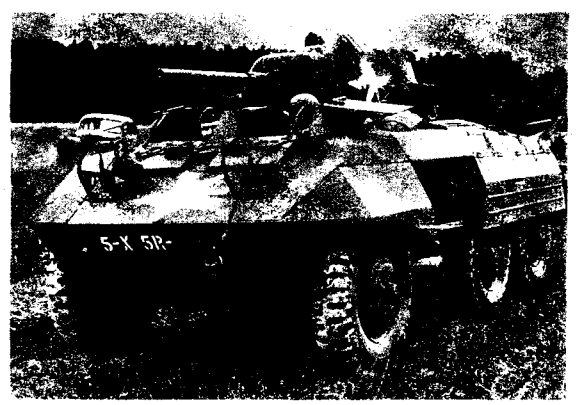
So if you use a plain post card to apply for an absentee ballot and a plain envelope to return your ballot, put the markings on yourself. In the upper right-hand corner where the stamp is usually placed, print "FREE OF POSTAGE INCLUDING AIR MAIL (WAR BALLOT)." Then draw two heavy horizontal lines above the address and print between these lines the following:

OFFICIAL ELECTION WAR BALLOT—VIA AIR MAIL

Do this in red ink or red pencil, if possible.

This free air-mail postage goes only for post-card applications and ballot envelopes. Don't try to claim it for letters to your wife or girl. You can't even get free air mail if you write a letter as an absentee-ballot application instead of using a post card. You can mark such a letter of application "OFFICIAL ELECTION WAR BALLOT," but you cannot add "Via Air Mail" unless you put an air-mail stamp on it. If you want it to go by regular mail, print "FREE" in the usual space.

Like the old Ramsay Act, which it amends, the new soldier-vote law makes no provision for soldier voters who reside in Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico. GIs from these territories cannot vote by Federal ballot and the law does not provide for free air mail if they use territorial absentee ballots or applications for such ballots. They should, however, put those distinctive markings on any post cards or absentee ballots. Post cards and ballot envelopes they send to their territorial election officials, however, should be marked as described above—but not "Via Air Mail" unless air-mail stamps are used.



ARMORED CAR, M8, 6x6, the Army's latest combat vehicle, is a six-wheeled, eight-ton armored job that can hit high speed over practically any type of terrain. It mounts a 37-mm cannon and a .30-caliber machine gun in a hand-operated traversable turret. The M8 carries a crew of four and is intended primarily for use in reconnaissance combat.

"Don't let it get you down, Herman. Henry Ford says it will be over in a couple of months."

Eisenhower's Patch

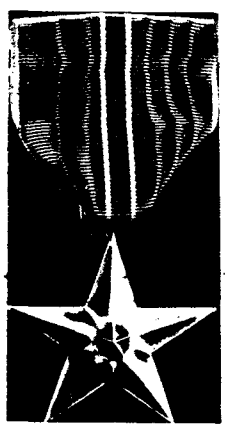
Shown here is the new shoulder patch of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces in the ETO. The sword of liberation is displayed on a black field, which symbolizes Nazi oppression. Flames rising from the sword hilt and leaping up the blade indicate the avenging justice by which the enemy will be destroyed. Above the sword is a rainbow of hope containing all the colors of the Allied national flags. The blue heraldic, which curves above the rainbow, represents the peace that is to be restored to the enslaved countries of Nazi-occupied Europe by Allied victory.

OCS Program Cuts

The WD says that not more than 11 of the original 26 OSCs in the States will be operating next fall, while the number of monthly shave tail graduates have dropped from the peak figure of 23,000 in December 1942 to fewer than 2,500 in April of this year. Schools suspended during March were the Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kans.; Coast Artillery, Fort Monroe, Va., and Tank Destroyer, Camp Hood, Tex. Schools to be suspended are the Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Camp Davis, N. C., on June 15; Military Police, Fort Custer, Mich., on June 27; Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., on July 8, and Armored, Fort Knox, Ky., on Sept. 23.

Schools which now accept candidates are: Engineer, Fort Belvoir, Va.; Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla.; Finance, Durham, N. C.; Infantry, Fort Benning, Ga.; Judge Advocate General, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Medical Administration, Camp Barkeley, Tex.; Ordnance, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; Quartermaster, Camp Lee, Va.; Signal Corps, Fort Monmouth, N. J.; Transportation, New Orleans, La.; AAF, San Antonio, Tex. The only overseas OCS left is in Australia.

Bronze Star Medal



This is the new Bronze Star Medal authorized by the President for award to military, naval and civilian personnel "for heroic or meritorious achievement against the enemy not involving aerial flight." The medal is an acid-toned bronze star with a smaller star in the center. The ribbon is red with a vertical blue stripe. Both the stripe and the edges of the ribbon are piped in white. The award ranks eighth among U. S. decorations, between the Soldier's Medal and the Air Medal. It was authorized last February especially for members of the Army Ground Forces.

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news from home

ARKANSAS

Little Rock's Mayor Moyer signed an anti-petting ordinance designed to halt "obscene and lascivious" conduct in public between young girls and soldiers. E. A. Budd, Fayetteville businessman, was charged with second-degree murder in the death of Norma Smith, 42-year-old Zion school teacher. Secretary McAmis of the State Game and Fish Commission announced that approximately 100,000 hunting and fishing licenses were issued in the last 12 months, a decline of only 2½ percent from the peak year of 1939. The State Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of Arkansas' anti-violence and picketing act passed last year.

CALIFORNIA

Three sailors from the Naval Air Station and three waitresses were booked in the San Diego City Jail on disorderly-conduct charges after they were found swimming nude in La Jolla Cove. The Los Angeles City Council refused to vote on a resolution asking the State Racing Board to rescind its permit for horse racing at Hollywood Park this summer on the ground that racing would encourage a waste of gasoline and absenteeism in war plants. A streetcar "motorette" and a passenger were seriously hurt in a collision of a Market Street car and a trailer truck at Fourth and Harrison Streets, San Francisco.

CONNECTICUT

Five hundred Federal housing units in Hartford were opened to families of servicemen. Winding up a five-day drinking spree with a gun battle, Watson Holdridge exchanged shots from his apartment window with Torrington police for an hour before he was wounded fatally. Streetcar tracks were being removed from Blue Hills Avenue, Hartford. Rockyhill townspeople gave Dr. Oran Moser a banquet and purse in celebration of his 40 years as a country doctor. Walter Law was sentenced in Superior Court, New Haven, to life imprisonment for the cremation-slaying of Rose Brancato, women's page editor of the New Haven *Journal Courier* last July.

DELAWARE

Supt. Paul Haviland announced that henceforth the state police would be known as "troopers" and the five stations would be designated as "troops," with letters replacing numbers. The State Board of Education ruled that students who completed their junior year in high school before being inducted into the armed forces would receive their diplomas as if they had graduated. Delaware Republicans elected nine uninstructed delegates to the National Republican Convention in Chicago. At Dover, the "Senate" of "Boys' State" voted 10-7 in favor of lowering the voting age to 18, but the measure failed to pass because it lacked a two-thirds majority.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Bus and streetcar passengers had cheated the Capital Transit Company of 940 fares in two months by substituting ration tokens for dimes. Eunice Wienshienk, a secretary in Kansas City, Mo., before becoming a War Department employee, was elected pin-up girl of Constitution Avenue by 150 male government employees. St. Patrick's Parish observed its 150th anniversary with a solemn pontifical mass by the Rev. Dr. Ignatius Smith of Catholic University. Police of the Sixth Precinct conducted a house-to-house search for a child who was bitten by a rabid cat at 16th and Sheridan Streets NW.

FLORIDA

Florida's most profitable season at the horse tracks provided $60,000 for each of the state's 67 counties in addition to 3 million dollars for the state old-age pension fund. Miami's Police Chief Quigg was suspended by City Manager Curry on charges of inefficiency and failure to obey orders during the city's recent two-hour bus strike. Two women perished in a fire that swept the Castle Warden Hotel at St. Augustine. Stetson University trustees voted not to move the law school from De Land to Jacksonville after the war as had been proposed. Fort Pierce asked the Florida East Coast Railroad to build it a new railway station as soon as materials are available.

ILLINOIS

The proposal for an island airport built in Lake Michigan is impractical, according to a report to Chicago's Mayor Kelly by James Knowlson, chairman of the Chicago Economic Advisory Council, who declared that the present airport, if expanded, would be adequate for five years after the war. George Camp, Marion businessman-farmer, offered to give away 18 pigs because he was unable to find corn to feed them. Dr. Enoch Holtwick of Greenville was chosen to head the state Prohibition Party ticket. Geneseo and Moline High School track teams tied in a triangular meet in which East Moline also competed. Frank Puterbaugh of Sterling celebrated his 94th birthday by taking his customary long walk.

INDIANA

Terre Haute retail-store clerks won weekly pay increases averaging $2.50 by a three weeks' strike. Fire destroyed the Rosen Brothers clothing store at Elkhart. Lightning started a fire destroying 3,000 barrels of crude oil on Cut Off Island in the Wabash River near New Harmony. A windstorm unroofed numerous garages and houses in Kokomo. After Mrs. Otto Reising of Gary thanked her husband for the beautiful fur piece she found lying on her bed, the fur piece crawled out the window and climbed a tree; it was a raccoon. Two youths stole a pair of golden slippers valued at $1,200 from the Colleen Moore doll house on display in Elkhart.

IOWA

Mrs. E. I. Coffey of Iowa City, mother of nine children and former editor and publisher of the Wellman *Advance*, was chosen "Iowa Mother of 1944." Iowa farmers equipped their tractors with lights to hasten spring-planting operations delayed by cold and wet weather. William Lorenze of Lincoln, chairman of the Tama County Board of Supervisors; Donald Ginger Jr. of Langdon and Guy (Red) Pullen Jr. of Milford were killed in an auto accident. Henry Meyer Jr., a florist, and Jean Beno, Grinnell College junior, were crowned "king" and "queen," respectively, of the Council Bluffs Mardi Gras ball.

KANSAS

Killed in a collision of an auto and a Missouri Pacific freight train at the State Street crossing in Lindsborg were Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kutsinger and Roy McCants; four other passengers in the car were injured. E. W. Franzke, state director of the WMC, said Kansas needed 5,000 additional workers in essential industries. Shawnee County farmers had caught so many coyotes that only $26 remained from a budget of $300 established for payment of bounties. Infuriated by an order to clean up his tailor shop, Bargel Stanley of Wichita shot and killed a fire inspector.

KENTUCKY

Four men were arraigned in a Bowling Green court on charges of selling marijuana cigarettes to Camp Campbell soldiers. An oil refinery was being built near Glasgow to refine crude oil produced in Barren and neighboring counties. J. Warner Kenyon, Ashland flying instructor, brought a $12,000 suit for damages against the Standard Oil Company and the manager of the Ashland Airport, claiming he was sold a low grade of gasoline from a tank labeled high octane, which caused his plane to crash at the take-off. Rowan County voted dry in a local-option election.

MASSACHUSETTS

Gov. Saltonstall gave his fifth pint of blood to the Red Cross, and his chauffeur donated his seventh pint. Ex-Gov. Ely's anti-New Deal slate won in only one of 14 congressional districts in the Presidential Primary, in which overwhelming preference was expressed for a fourth term for President Roosevelt. Worcester was building a municipal airport. The Rev. Stanislaus Orlemanski, pastor of the Holy Rosary Church, Springfield, received nation-wide publicity from a conference he had with Premier Stalin in Moscow, after which he announced plans to campaign for a democratic Poland friendly to Russia.

MICHIGAN

A teachers' strike closed every school in Pontiac for a week. E. C. Brooks of Holland, chairman of the State Democratic Committee, announced his candidacy for governor. Lansing police hunted a firebug believed responsible for the fourth large fire in a business establishment within three weeks. Harman Van Pelt, Vicksburg's only blacksmith, retired because of ill health. Near Fulton, youngsters were using garden rakes to catch suckers. Floyd Jennings became Grand Rapids city planner on condition the $6,000 annual salary be cut to $3,600. Michigan planned to import 16,000 Mexican farm workers.

MINNESOTA

The Minneapolis City Council denied Gerald L. K. Smith, leader of the America First Party, an application for use of the Municipal Auditorium for a rally. Three gunmen held up the Twelve Mile Tavern, 12 miles west of Little Falls, obtaining a small amount of merchandise and $15 in cash. State Conservation Commissioner Wilson approved the exchange of 3,686 acres of state land in Lake County for 217 acres of the Federal-owned Nerstrand woods in Rice County. Eighteen members of the Pipestone School faculty resigned without giving any reason. Fergus Falls selected a site for an airport.

MISSISSIPPI

The State Office of Civilian Defense was abolished as unnecessary. Three Alcorn County Draft Board members were vindicated of charges that they had handled draft calls illegally. Plans were announced for a new Leaf River bridge on River Avenue, Hattiesburg, after the war. A dozen persons escaped death when two business buildings collapsed at Vicksburg. Vera Anderson of Pascagoula, U. S. woman welding champion, was to meet the Alabama woman champ in a title contest. A new Negro juvenile reformatory was to be built on the site of the old Oakley Penal Farm 18 miles southwest of Jackson.

ALMOST MIDDLE-AGED. Shirley Temple is now all of 16 years old, so they had this fine birthday cake on the set of "Double Furlough" in Hollywood.

OLD MAN RIVER. Mississippi flood waters rose to highest level since 1844 at St. Louis, backed into Missouri-Pacific yards at Dupo, Ill., leaving this mess.

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MISSOURI

The identity of two women whose headless bodies were found in the Lake of the Ozarks near Camdenton remained a mystery. War industries in the Kansas City area could absorb 400 women a day, according to Will Denham, area director of the WMC. Lee's Summit High dedicated a service flag bearing 250 blue stars. Shirley Nelson was fined $300 in St. Louis Police Court for masquerading as a man after being arrested for failure to appear for pre-induction physical. St. Louis University decided to admit Negro students.

NEBRASKA

Omaha had a record rainfall of 6.38 inches in April. A. J. Fink and D. R. Lloyd of Lushton filed a petition in York County Court asking a determination of the successful candidates in the village election; the petition charged village trustees with "malconduct and a deliberate attempt to mislead and defraud the voters" in the preparation of ballots for the election. Lincoln High won its third straight track meet of the season at the Omaha U Invitational Carnival; York and Omaha Central were second and third, respectively.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

In order to contribute a gallon of her blood to the armed forces before she becomes 60 next fall, Mrs. Lillian Dow of Woodsville, who has three more donations to go, planned a special trip to the Boston (Mass.) Chapter of the American Red Cross. Wilbur Tucker, editor of the Hillsboro *Messenger* for 20 years, retired. Ward Archer, former Alstead druggist, pleaded guilty in U. S. District Court, Concord, to forging a doctor's prescription for morphine, but Justice Morris suspended sentence on condition that Archer take treatments to cure his drug habit.

NEW MEXICO

Servicemen who joined the armed forces after completing their junior year in state-accredited high schools will be awarded diplomas at commencement, the State Board of Education ruled. Four member of the Socorro Ration Board resigned, charging the state OPA office with "buck passing." The shotgun slaying of Elmer Loveless, prominent Union County stockman, was unsolved. Jim Capels, a discharged veteran of the North African campaign, was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for representative from Bernalillo County.

NEW YORK

Buffalo's new 3-million-dollar public library will be erected either on the site of the present library on Lafayette Square or on the Washington Market site at Washington and Chippewa Streets. Batavia's Mayor Carcello presented a cardboard "Purple Heart" to Fire Chief Whalen, who was bitten by a policeman's dog while fighting a grass fire. The Federal Government turned over to Westchester County the 4-million-dollar Rye Lake Airport, built two years ago as a part of the East Coast defense system. Cheektowaga taxpayers voted to buy a 22-acre site for a new school to be built after the war.

OHIO

Under the provisions of the soldier-vote bill approved by a special session of the Legislature, ballots will be mailed between Aug. 9 and Nov. 4 to eligible servicemen upon application to their respective county boards of elections. Twelve crewmen of two Cleveland-owned freighters perished in separate collisions in a fog on Lake Erie. Columbus night-club operators claimed that their business had fallen off as much as 65 percent as the result of the Government's 30-percent tax on cabarets. Eugene Goossens, conductor, and five other members of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra were fined sums ranging from $100 to $2,500 by the Musicians' Union on charges of opposing its efforts to negotiate wage increases.

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma Airways, a $500,000 corporation using Oklahoma City as a business base, will be organized to serve all sections of the state after the war. Tulsa's Mayor-elect Flynn, a Republican, picked Mrs. N. A. Gibson, prominent attorney and a Democrat, as the first woman in Tulsa's history to be city treasurer. Cases of beer blew up after a beer truck and an automobile collided at Chandler and the truck's gas tank caught fire. The Oklahoma City Corporation Commission ordered cross-town bus service on 23 and south on Eastern to SW 29 to help workers reach the Air Depot and Douglas Aircraft plant.

PENNSYLVANIA

Siamese-twin girls were born in Phoenixville to Mrs. Mary Stierly of Audubon, whose husband was killed in a motorcycle accident two months ago. The Lehigh County Hotel and Restaurant Association planned to issue "proof-of-age" cards to persons 21 and slightly over in order to protect members against minors who demand intoxicating drinks. A zebra colt, two lion cubs and a baby llama were born the same week in the Philadelphia Zoo. Eugene Ormany, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, left on a concert tour of Army camps in Australia.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport's City Council indorsed a Chamber of Commerce suggestion that a section of Bath Road from Bellevue Avenue to Edgar Court be enlarged and dedicated as a memorial to servicemen of this war. Lt. Gov. Cappelli was sworn in as associate judge of the Superior Court in ceremonies held in the State Senate Chamber. A Pawtucket father and daughter, in court on each others' assault charges, were acquitted.

SOUTH CAROLINA

At Columbia, M. B. Barkley announced the organization of a "Southern Democratic Party" opposed to a fourth term for President Roosevelt "and all the New Deal represents." Clarenden County Sheriff Newman said a 14-year-old boy had confessed the murder of two young Alcolu girls whose bodies were found in a ditch near the Alderman Lumber Mills. Dr. James Mills of Hartsville was awarded the Herty Medal for outstanding work in chemistry. Richard Carter, Williamsburg County coroner, was killed in an auto-train crash near Kingstree.

SOUTH DAKOTA

What appeared to be the first commercial gas field in South Dakota was tapped at Ardmore by the Woodward Oil Company of Denver, Colo. Jacob Heinzmann, Lemmon farmer, was sentenced at Dupree to life imprisonment for the fatal stabbing of his wife. Fire destroyed the post office and store building at Patricia. Herbert Krause, Sioux Falls English professor and author, won a regional writing fellowship from the University of Minnesota. Sioux Falls voters reelected Mayor Whitfield and approved a $30,000 bond issue to purchase a Veterans Administration hospital site.

TENNESSEE

Three civilians and five Army flyers were killed when a bomber hit a house in the Memphis residential section and exploded. Sloan Lambdin of Madisonville reported one of his White Plymouth Rock hens was laying four-ounce eggs. The State Planning Commission reported that only eight of 28 small communities contacted had shown any interest in attracting two new industries seeking locations in the state.

TEXAS

The 36th Division Memorial Commission chose the center of Temple as the site for a museum honoring Texas soldiers of this war. Corpus Christi considered adopting a midday siesta period after the war. A special church service was held in the San Antonio Municipal Auditorium commemorating the 100th anniversary of the first Protestant service in the city. The Dads Club of Adamson High, Dallas, asked former students now in service for war souvenirs to be exhibited in a memorial museum. Two New York City men were arrested in Houston on charges of selling nylon hosiery at the black-market price of $18 a pair.

UTAH

Gov. Maw signed bills to provide a method of voting for Utah residents serving overseas in the armed forces. Claude Parry of Ogden won the Ritz bowling championship at Salt Lake City. David Romney, LDS Church leader, succeeded Kent Bramwell as mayor of Ogden. Salt Lake City sold the six air-raid sirens it purchased soon after Pearl Harbor. Engineers recommended an addition to Provo's municipal power plant, already carrying a peak load because of an increased wartime population.

VIRGINIA

Fifteen workmen repairing a Navy ship at Portsmouth suffocated when fire broke out in the hold of the vessel. Lynchburg's City Council banned the Sunday sale of wine and beer for a 90-day test period to see what effect it would have on the prostitution problem. An intruder who attempted to set fire to Scott Shipp Hall at VMI shot a cadet who went into the basement to investigate the cause of the blaze. Five Arlington bus drivers were reclassified 1-A by their draft board after they struck following a dispute over a bonus-payment plan.

WASHINGTON

At a special school board meeting, a group of Bothell residents protested the dismissal of three teachers. Seattle sheriffs complained that their new six-pointed star badges made them look like "Keystone cops" in the old Mack Sennett film comedies. William Leber was named chairman of a White River Farm Labor Committee to recruit extra workers. Three residents of a Bremerton housing project and three sailors were sentenced on morals charges involving teen-age girls.

WISCONSIN

New York's Gov. Dewey won 17 of the state's 24 delegates to the Republican National Convention in the Wisconsin Presidential primary election. Testifying at a State House hearing to determine whether he should be removed from office, Sheriff George Evans explained why he failed to remove slot machines in St. Croix County: "I figured I'd look silly trying to drive them out when people wanted them in." At Milwaukee, Norwegian Independence Day was celebrated at the Pfister.

HOW HIGH IS UP? It isn't too high if you own one of these new helicopters put out by Bell Aircraft. In Buffalo, N. Y., test pilot Floyd W. Carlson shows how to go up in the air and yet not get too far away from familiar street traffic.

TO ARLINGTON. The body of Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, who died at the age of 70 from a heart attack, is carried on a caisson past the Navy Department Building en route to the Arlington National Cemetery for burial.

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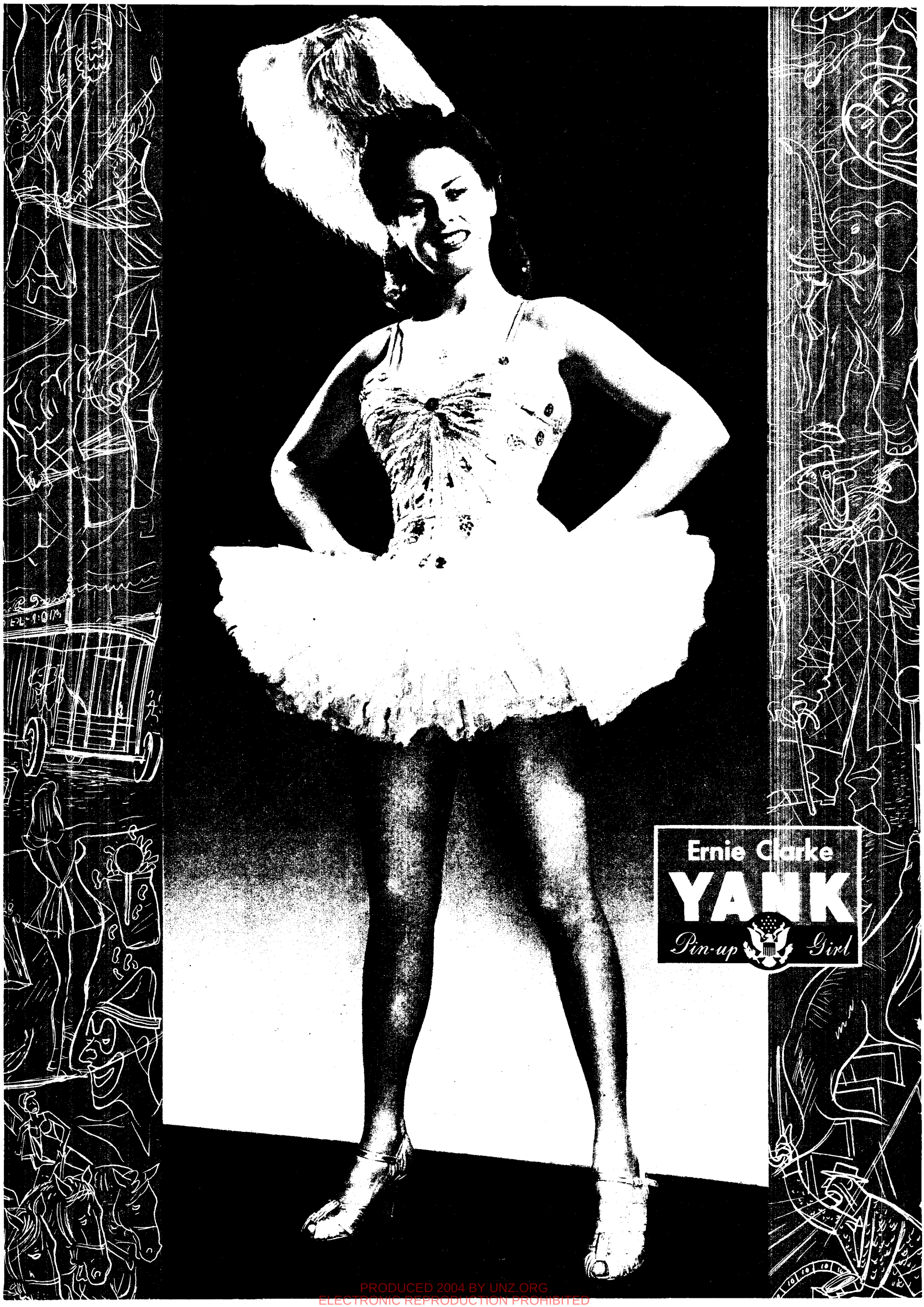

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

HOLLYWOOD

Judy Garland and Robert Walker are teamed in MGM's romance, "The Lock," which tells the story of a soldier's last 48 hours of leave before shipping overseas. . . Clifton Webb and Judith Anderson have been set for featured roles in "Laura," 20th-Fox's starrer for Gene Tierney. . . . Joel McCrea and Herbert Marshall share top billing with Gail Russell in Paramount's "Fear," a mystery melodrama. . . . Ella Raines has been signed by RKO-Radio to play opposite John Wayne in "Tall in the Saddle." . . . Bill Bendix sings for the first time on the screen in United Artists' "Abroad with Two Yanks." Bill does a number called "All I Need Is a Man." . . . Kay Aldridge has the stellar role in Republic's "Haunted Harbor." . . . Dancing star Ray Bolger is featured in the musical "Holiday in Mexico." . . . Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly do a song-and-dance number together in "Ziegfeld Follies." . . . Mabel Paige, veteran character actress, goes into the cast of "Murder, He Says," which stars Fred MacMurray and Susan Hayward. . . . Dick Powell plays a fast-talking, hard-boiled detective in "Farewell My Lovely." . . . Ralph Morgan has been added to the cast of "Double Furlough," which stars Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. . . . C. S. Forester, who wrote the well-known "Capt. Hornblower" stories, will do the script for Greta Garbo's return to the screen. . . . George Murphy joins Carole Landis and Pat O'Brien in "Having a Wonderful Crime." . . . Walter Slezak has the top featured role in Bob Hope's next, "Sylvester the Great." . . . Wallace Beery chalks up his 50th starring role in 14 years in "Rationing." . . . Kathryn Grayson has the feminine lead in "Anchors Aweigh." . . . Ray Milland will supply the main male interest in "Olympia," which may see Ingrid Bergman in the female lead. . . . Dana Andrews hits star rating in "Those Endearing Young Charms," in which he will co-star with Teresa Wright. . . . W. C. Fields has been chosen pin-up man of *Sub-Chaser 1360*. . . . Richard Greene and Anna Neagle have the leads in a spy melodrama, "The Yellow Canary." . . . Albert Dekker has the part of Sailor Brown in "Two Years Before the Mast." . . . "A Guy Named Joe" was the Award-for-March selection of the National Screen Council. . . . Jose Iturbi has started tests for a featured role in "Music for Millions," which will also feature Margaret O'Brien and Jimmy Durante. . . . RKO-Radio has acquired film rights to the "Dick Tracy" comic strip. . . . First film to be made by the new Bing Crosby Productions will be the story of John L. Sullivan.

COAST TO COAST

Mae West is back in New York and rehearsing for Mike Todd's forthcoming "Catherine Was Great." Asked just who else will appear in the play, Todd snapped: "The whole Russian Army." . . . The Cleveland Orchestra set a record of 152 concerts in 28 weeks in its 26th season, recently concluded. . . . Fannie Brice is set to appear in Billy Rose's production, "Seven Lively Arts," with which he will reopen his Ziegfeld Theater in New York City in the fall. . . . The Silver Ballroom is the newest night spot to open in Fort Worth, Tex. Billy Taggart's band supplies the music. . . . Marva Louis, wife of the heavy champ, was a recent headliner at the Mayfair Club in Boston, Mass. . . . Woodside Park in Philadelphia, Pa., has been operating week ends only but will go on full-time basis beginning Decoration Day. . . . Patrice Munsel, 18-year-old Met Opera thrush, has inked a pact with Warner Bros. and is now making screen tests on the Coast. . . . William Gargan, recently returned from the CBI theater, is seriously considering a return to the legitimate stage after an absence of 12 years. . . . The Globe Theater in Atlantic City underwent a face-lifting and is going in for a stock burlesque. . . . The American premiere of "The Open Road," an adaptation of Johann Strauss' "Gypsy Baron," will start off the 26th season of the St. Louis "Muny" Opera at the open-air theater in Forest Park on June 1. . . . The Pasadena Community Playhouse will revive seven plays by the late George M. Cohan during its 10th annual midsummer drama festival that opens June 27. One play per week is on the schedule, which includes "The Song and Dance Man," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Hit the Trail Holliday," "Pigeons and People," "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "A Prince There Was" and "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

SUMMER RADIO FARE. Radio shows scheduled to carry on through the summer include "Suspense," Frank Sinatra, "Music Hall" (with Bing Crosby taking time off, however), the Bob Crosby-Les Tremayne series and "Those We Love." . . . Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen sign off for 12 weeks with the broadcast of May 28. . . . Also going off the air for the summer: Bob Burns, at the end of this month; Red Skelton, June 6; Fibber McGee and Molly, June 20; Frank Morgan, June 29, and Groucho Marx, for eight weeks starting some time in June. . . . Lulu Bates and the All-Time Hit Parade are scheduled to replace the Jack Benny show for the summer, starting the middle of June.

BAND BEAT

Lina Romay, vocalist with Xavier Cugat, has left the band to do picture work in California. . . . Harry James, who drew a 4-F draft rating, reorganized his band and is now at the Hotel Astor in New York City. He goes into the Paramount Theater following the Astor date and then to Frank Dailey's Terrace Room in Newark, N. J., on Aug. 10. . . . Dorothy Claire, former vocalist with Sonny Dunham, is now thrushing for the Boyd Raeburn outfit. . . . Tommy Dorsey is at the Downtown Theater in Detroit. . . . Peggy Mann, former songbird with Teddy Powell, replaced Gladys Tell with Jimmy Dorsey's band. . . . Frankie Carle's orchestra has been penciled in for a definite fall run of 10 weeks, beginning Oct. 9, at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. . . . Spade Colley's Rhythm Riders debuted recently at the Mission Beach Ballroom in San Diego. . . . Red Norvo's small combo is at the Hickory House in New York. . . . Johnny Long goes into the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, for a repeat engagement in August. . . . Sam Donahue has taken over the baton for the Navy band formed from a nucleus of the Artie Shaw outfit that toured the Pacific last year. . . . Dean Hudson's crew plays its first New York date at the Lincoln Hotel, starting June 1. . . . Charlie Agnew, his band and vocalist Jeanne Carroll have been held over for a second time at Hotel El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, Nev. They opened here originally on Jan. 5 for a four-week stand. . . . Freddie Slack, out of the Navy on a medical discharge, reorganized his band and opened at the Orpheum in Los Angeles recently. . . . Juan Tizol, trombonist with Duke Ellington, has left to join Woody Herman's crew. . . . Henry Jerome's band has switched from swing to sweet. . . . Jerry Wald and orchestra will play the Paramount in New York for the first time, opening June 14 with Perry Como. . . . Randy Brooks, trumpeter with Les Brown's orchestra, will form his own outfit when Brown goes into service.

ZIEGFELD ROLL CALL. In all your military training you never saw a file dressed up like this one. The 14 Hollywood starlets lined up for your inspection are *(l. to r.)*: Natalie Draper, Katherine Booth, Joan Lawrence, Aina Constant, Noreen Roth, Dorothy Van Nuys, Eve Whitney, Elaine Shepherd, Hazel Brooks, Lorraine Miller, Lucille Casey, Elizabeth Dailey, Aileen Haley, Helen O'Hara. They're in MGM's "Ziegfeld Follies."

WE NEVER seriously considered running away to join the circus, but after looking at this week's pin-up girl we think that maybe we made a mistake. The perty young thing is Ernestine (Ernie) Clarke, aerialist and equestrienne with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, the youngest performer of a family rich in circus tradition. Ernie's father, the late Ernest Clarke, was one of circusdom's greatest flying-trapeze artists; her mother, Elizabeth Hanneford, is from a renowned family of bareback riders.

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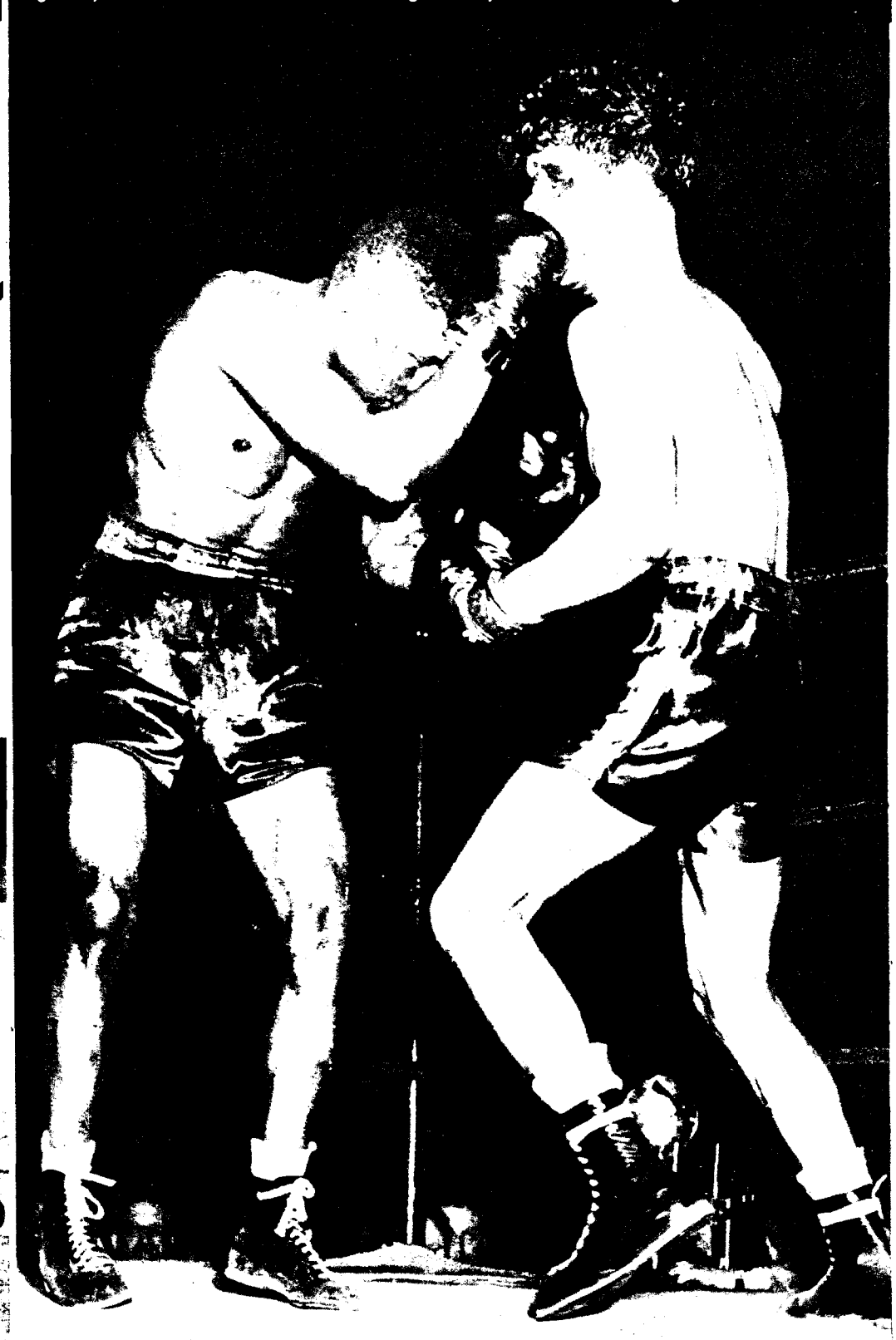
SO CLOSE. John Dick of West Point has a close brush with the pole-vault bar at 13 feet, but skims over to win in the Penn Relays.

BLOODY FRONT. From the looks of Joey Peralta's face this wasn't the only time Bob Montgomery hit him in 10-round bout at Chicago. Monty hit him often enough to win the decision.



GREEDY. George Kell of the Athletics tries to stretch a double but gets tagged out by Boston's Jim Tabor covering third base.

action shots

PAIR OF WORK HORSES AT THE JAMAICA RACE TRACK IN NEW YORK PAUSE LONG ENOUGH FROM THEIR LABORS TO SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF OF THE HORSE WORLD LIVES.

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SPORTS: TOUCHING ALL BASES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Braves whoop it up around Jim Tobin in the dressing room after his no-hitter against the Dodgers.

BASEBALL G-2. The lowdown on why the Boston Red Sox sold Tony Lupien to the Phillies is that Joe Cronin was dissatisfied with Lupien last year and swore, when the season ended, that Lupien never would play first base for him again. Cronin even threatened to play there himself if Tom Yawkey didn't get rid of the kid. . . . The Chicago Cubs vow they are through with Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, and want to peddle him to the Cincinnati Reds or anybody else who will take him. . . Marty Marion probably doesn't know it himself, but the Cardinals were anxious to sell him last winter, because Red Schoendienst, their switch-hitting shortstop from Rochester, was ready to move up. The plan fell through when the Army took up its option on Schoendienst. . . . Joe McCarthy is certain the Senators are the team to beat and not the currently hot St. Louis Brownies. . . . Mel Ott thinks the Cardinals are greatly overrated. . . . Almost every club in the National League has tried to pry catcher Clyde Kluttz away from the Boston Braves, but Bob Quinn says the only way they can get him is at the point of a gun. . . . At $20,000 Spud Chandler would have been the highest-paid player in baseball this season. But his contract had a draft clause in it that the Yankees invoked the day he entered the Army. . . . Lowest paid players in baseball today are Washington's little band of Venezuelans and Cubans. . . . Most people think Hank Greenberg's $55,000 was the second-highest baseball salary; Ruth's $80,000 being the daddy of them all. But Ty Cobb clipped gentle Connie Mack for $70,000 in 1928, his last year with the Athletics. . . . Howie Schultz, the Dodgers' string-beany first baseman, is a sucker for a curve ball on the outside.

One-Minute Biography. Pitcher Jim Tobin of the Boston Braves, whose no-hitter against the Dodgers was the first in three major-league seasons. . . . A Yankee scout saw him pitch for Roosevelt High School in Oakland, Calif., in 1930 and wasn't impressed. Two years later the scout saw him work again and signed him. . . . After five years' apprenticeship in the Yankee farm system at Bisbee, Ariz., and Oakland, Tobin came up for spring training in 1937 and roomed with Joe DiMaggio. He developed a sore arm before the season started, and the Yanks decided to option him back to Oakland. "I'm not going back to Oakland," he said. "Either I stay with the Yankees, or I am sold to some other big-league club." . . . Joe McCarthy approved a transfer to Pittsburgh because he thought Tobin was too much of a clown ever to settle down. . . . With the Pirates he was an ordinary pitcher who managed to get by because he could control a knuckleball. After four seasons with Pittsburgh he was traded—with cash—to the Braves for Johnny Lanning. He has never been a big winner for Boston. . . . Always regarded as dangerous long-ball hitter, Tobin set a major-league record for pitchers by hitting three homers in one game against the Cubs two years ago. . . . Married and has one child, 6-year-old Patricia. . . . Weighs 200 pounds, stands an even 6 feet tall, and has blue eyes and brown hair. . . . 1-A in the draft.

Some Little-Known Facts. Mrs. Buck Newsom has been given permission to accompany Bobo on road trips, because Connie Mack knows she is the only person who can take care of him. . . . Dixie Walker of the Dodgers is one of the best read players in baseball. So was Red Ruffing, the old Yankee. . . . In more than 40 years of umpiring, Bill Klem has never worked a no-hit game. But Bill Stewart has been behind the plate in three: Johnny Vander Meer against the Dodgers in '38, Tex Carleton against the Reds in '40 and Jim Tobin against the Dodgers. . . . Ernie Lombardi is the most popular player on the Giants, and yet nobody will room with him. He snores too loudly. . . . Two Dodgers, Bob Chipman and Bill Lohrman, were actually born in Brooklyn, but neither lives there now. . . . Gil Torres, the Senators' new third baseman, is really a pitcher by trade. He won 19 games for the Chattanooga-Montgomery club last season. His father used to be a third-string catcher for the Senators. . . . Mel Ott sets a National League record every time he draws a walk, hits a homer or drives in a run. . . . Joe and George Wood, Red Sox rookie pitchers, are no kin but were born only six days apart in 1920. . . . Cliff Melton is the cross-word puzzle champion of the Giants.

Take a Quote, Please. Elmer Verban, the Cardinals' new second baseman: "I've always tried to pattern myself after Frankie Frisch. He was the greatest second baseman for my money and, if I can be only half as good, I'll be happy."

Frankie Frisch: "I was the most dreadful fielder who ever came up. If I didn't have a strong chest, I wouldn't have lasted a week. Many's the time I almost was brained by a grounder. The only qualification I ever had was that I could run like a deer. But so could Jesse Owens and Charlie Paddock, and I never heard of them making the Giants."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THIS is absolutely our last **Lefty Gomez** story. On his tour of Italy, Lefty stopped to talk with a bunch of GIs who had just returned from some rough going in the mountains. "So you guys think you're roughing it," he said coldly. "Well, you ought to play 13 years with the Yankees and then go to the Braves." . . . The reason **Bronko Nagurski** gave up pro football and wrestling and signed as UCLA's backfield coach was that he was sensitive about his 4-F rating. . . . Isn't **Pvt. Vic Hanson,** who used to turn out some fine football teams at Syracuse, the first EM to serve on West Point's coaching staff? . . . **Sgt. Gregory Mangin,** the ex-Davis Cup ace and now a Fortress gunner in Italy, has played tennis in practically all of the countries he's bombing. . . . Ironically, **Lt. Col. Tommy Hitchcock** was killed in a P-51 Mustang, the same plane he championed so hard when nobody else in the Air Forces wanted it. . . . When **Pfc. Bill Veeck,** owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, reported to an advance Marine training base in the South Pacific, he discovered that the athletic officer of his new outfit was **Capt. Roscoe (Torchy) Torrance,** an old friend, who was president of the Seattle club. Naturally they talked shop, and during the conversation Torrance happened to mention that Seattle was in desperate need of a shortstop. Veeck said that Milwaukee had one to spare and then wrote to **Charley Grimm,** his manager, suggesting the sale of the shortstop.

Missing in action: **Lt. Charles (Stubby) Pearson,** Dartmouth's 1941-42 football and basketball captain, in the South Pacific, where he was a pilot of a Hellcat fighter based on a carrier. . . . *Commissioned:* **Harry Eisenstat,** former Dodger, Tiger and Indians pitcher, as a second lieutenant in the AAF; **Angelo Bertelli,** Notre Dame's player of the year, as a second lieutenant in the Marines. . . . *Transferred:* **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio,** former Yankee slugger, from Santa Ana (Calif.) AAB to the South Pacific; **Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley,** post-war coach of Boston pro Yankees, from the South Pacific to Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Mel Ott,** Giants manager, by the Army; **Danny Litwhiler,** Cardinal outfielder, by the Navy; **Luman Harris,** Athletics pitcher, by the Navy; outfielder **Butch Nieman** and infielders **Connie Ryan** and **Damon Phillips,** all of the Braves, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Rudy York,** American League home-run champ, because of loose cartilage in left knee; **Ted Atkinson,** the jockey, because he was underweight (99 pounds).

SAILOR AT WORK. Big Johnny Mize, one-time Cardinal, Giant and Great Lakes first baseman, builds a batting cage for his Navy team in Hawaii, where he hopes to level all fences this season.

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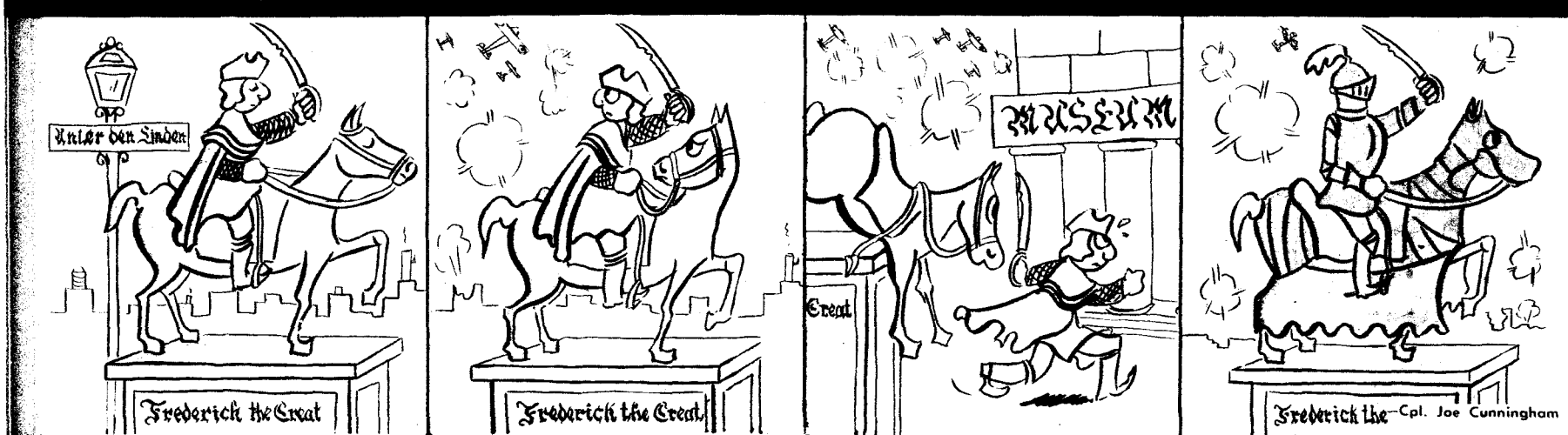
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"ALL RIGHT! LET'S DRESS UP THIS DAMN LINE."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery



—Cpl. Joe Cunningham

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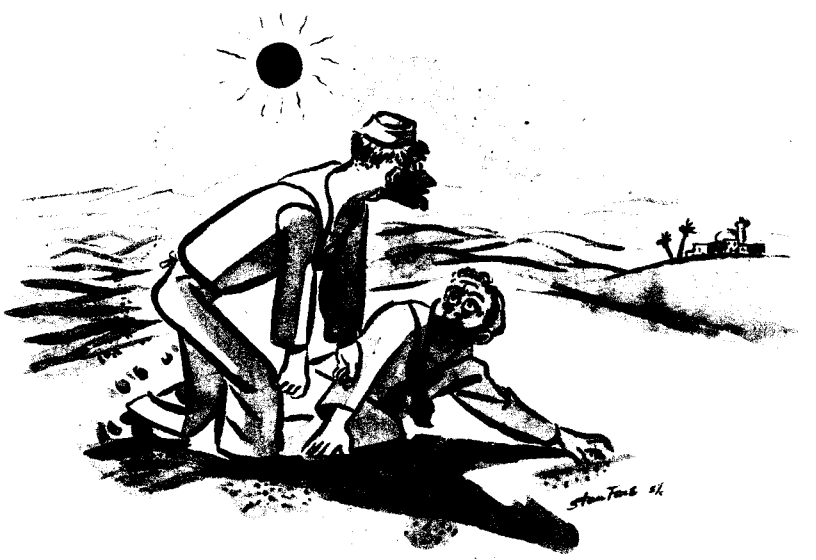

"ALL I GOTTA SAY IS SHE BETTER BE NICE."
—Stanley Fine S1c

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